THE

NEGRO

EQUALLED BY FEW

EUROPEANS.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

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WHEN man abandons himſelf to his paſſions, continued *Bruno*, they treat him with the moſt capricious tyranny. While my veſſel haſtened towards Conſtantinople I had no wiſh but to arrive there; every thing that was to accompliſh my wiſhes appeared eaſy. Behold me at Conſtantinople; and ſee new inquietudes harraſs my ſoul! It was only in finding myſelf ſo near *Elizabeth* that difficulties preſented themſelves to my thought.

How was I now to act? The Harams of the Turks are almoſt inacceſſible. The apartment of their women, eternally ſhut up, threatens a ſwift death to the audacious ſtranger who dares to enter within their doors. Yet, I muſt brave this danger or renounce the hopes which had already coſt me ſo much.

I paſſed for a merchant of Aleppo; and, in that character, I gained admittance into the palace of the vizier; but I did not dare to preſent myſelf in his preſence; I feared his obſervations; and only wiſhed to gain the attention of his people, that amongſt them I might find ſome one who would ſuit my purpoſes.

The man whoſe deſigns are criminal thinks only of unjuſt means; and to corrupt ſome of the vizier's ſervants was that which offered itſelf to my mind. I therefore

fore attempted to gain ſome of them by profuſe preſents; but confidence was a delicate affair, and I dared not give it to any of them. The firſt torment of the ſeducer is to miſtruſt thoſe whom he has corrupted.

Among the number of the domeſtics I had diſtinguiſhed a negro, who was yet young. It was the father of *Otourou*. The frankneſs of his manner, a certain air which his condition could not conceal, and which expreſſed vigour of character, but yet more than all the reſt, the difference of his religion which prevented the Mahomet name from being the object of his veneration, perſuaded me that I had now encountered a man proper to ſecond my enterprize. I thought I did not miſtake his ſentiments with regard to me; I believed that

friendſhip inſpired them, and yet was I ſtill ſilent.

One day, he ſaid to me: You fill me with benefactions. How have I deſerved them? Be ſincere: your gifts are the anticipated price of a ſecret which I ſee weighs you down. If I am not worthy of your confidence, why do you pay me as if you had already honoured me with it? If I merit your confidence, why do withhold from me the power of acquitting myſelf by ſerving you? Chuſe then: take back your preſents if you will be ſilent; ſpeak if you wiſh that I ſhould keep them (1).

This diſcourſe determined me; and he knew all. The deſign, ſaid he, is daring but the execution is not impoſſible. Are you beloved by Elizabeth? The queſtion laid my proud mind in the duſt

duſt. What ſhould I ſay to him? Alas! I anſwered, with an embarraſſed air, I have ſometimes thought ſo, but—But I believe, ſaid he, that you are not beloved. The countenance of *Elizabeth* ſpeaks only happineſs. Being no Muſſulman, I have the ſuperintendance of the vizier's wine cellars. My office requires ſecrecy. You know the Mahometan law. This is ſufficient to ſhew you the confidence which he places in me. To that am I indebted for the privilege of approaching *Elizabeth*; and I am the only man to whom this privilege is allowed. At preſent, the firſt among her rivals, ſhe poſſeſſes his heart moſt abſolutely; and, if I do not miſtake the character of love, he is not without an intereſt in her mind. Is not this ſufficient to cure your paſſion?

Ah! anſwered I, do you count for nothing the pleaſure of vengeance? If

the buſineſs is to ſlay Ibrahim, ſaid he, you have miſtaken me. I will ſerve you, but not by a crime. Ah! let him live, cried I. And let me regain *Elizabeth!* That is another affair, ſaid he: I have no objection to take a woman from a man who poſſeſſes two hundred. You have foreſeen the dangers of the undertaking; you brave them; your love ſhall not want my aſſiſtance. Rely on me: prepare every thing for your flight; and be ready; in two days, when the minarets ſhall in the evening call the people to the moſque, I will paſs your lodging; follow me without fear; but, above all, aſk not a queſtion. I hazard more than you, therefore leave yourſelf to my governance. I aſk only to fly with you and be your friend. I promiſed him eternal friendſhip. I embraced him, and he quitted me.

With-

Without wiſhing it, he had wounded my mind. I could no longer doubt the perfidy of my unworthy miſtreſs. I was on the point of renouncing her for ever, but jealouſy, that odious monſter, ſteped in between me and my reſolution.

Though I have not been able to excite her love, at leaſt I will enjoy her torments, ſaid I. By tearing her from the object of her wiſhes, I ſhall repay all the evils ſhe has made me ſuffer. I ſhall behold them; and this ſpectacle, while it gluts my vengeance, ſhall cure me of a delirious paſſion. By one ſtroke, I ſhall have puniſhed the perfidious *Elizabeth* and the villain who has ſeduced her from me.

I ran to my veſſel and gave my orders. I placed, in a convenient ſituation, a ſhal-

lop with ten able rowers whom I forbid to leave the ſpot till they ſhould ſee me return; and, to allow them no pretext, I diſtributed proviſions among them in abundance. My deſign was that they ſhould receive us and row with their utmoſt ſpeed to the veſſel. There my people were prepared to cut the cable; to ſet ſail, and hurry to ſea with my prey, long before *Ibrahim* ſhould have diſcovered her abſence.

Relieved from theſe cares, but not from inquietude, I returned to the caravanſera. Nothing that I ever knew moſt horrible approaches the trouble I experienced during the two days which preceded the return of the negro; rage, terror, jealouſy, regrets, bitterneſs, love, hatred, vengeance, deſpair; theſe were the frightful ſenſations which agitated my heart! Sometimes, my father returned

turned to my memory; I recollected his tenderneſs, his tears, his forſaken old age, his virtues, worthy of a better fate, my weakneſs, my ingratitude: and I ſobbed aloud. I was on the point of quitting all to fly into his arms; but, ſuddenly, the image of the happy *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, ſtifled the weak cry of reaſon, and I relapſed into the depth of frenzy.

The fatal hour arrived; it ſhall be executed, I cried; I will ſee her or death ſhall prevent me. I deſcended to the gate of the ſtreet, and was not long there before I ſaw the negro appear. He paſſed before me in ſilence, without even turning his eye toward me, and I followed him.

The involuntary agitation which muſt be experienced on the eve of ſo immi-

nent a danger, my anxiety, confiding as I did in a man whom I ſcarcely knew, doubled the wearineſs of my way. It was long. We ran through a croud of ſtreets without a ſingle word uttered by either. He preceded me ſome paces; and no one would have ſuſpected that we had any knowledge of each other.

At length, we arrived in a ſolitary quarter of the city. My guide purſued the courſe of a high wall, in which, at regular diſtances, were ſmall holes with iron bars, made to admit the air and day-light within: they were a little raiſed above the pavement. When we had proceeded about three hundred paces, the negro ſtood ſtill. He examined if no one obſerved us; the ſtreet was deſerted, and the night extremely dark. Inſtantaneouſly he ſtooped down, opened one of the gratings, glided into the open-

opening, and diſappeared. The ſuddenneſs of my ſurpriſe made me heſitate; but I had gone too far to recede, and I imitated him. When my body had ſlided downward a little way, my feet encountered a ladder, which ſeemed to be prepared for my deſcent. The negro received me in his arms, replaced the grating; then ran to bring a dark lanthorn which he had depoſited in a corner. He took the light out of the lanthorn, and I ſaw that we had deſcended into a vaſt vault. See, ſaid he, one difficult ſtep is taken; may the ſame ſucceſs accompany us to the end!

The delight which was painted on his viſage, and the care which he had taken to render this aſylum ſupportable, during the time that I ſhould be compelled to remain there, left in my mind no doubt reſpecting his fidelity.

Ineſtimable friend, ſaid I, embracing him; what can have induced you to do ſo much for me? Two motives, anſwered he, which can do every thing with a negro: compaſſion and the love of liberty. You have intereſted me in your behalf. I love you; and ſince I have choſen you as my friend, I ſhall be attached to you till death. It is thus that we think. We ſerve thoſe that are indifferent to us through complaiſance, and our friends through duty. To ſhed tears and again embrace him was my only anſwer. He underſtood me.

He had prepared a bed for my repoſe between two tuns of wine; and I found every ſpecies of convenience, and every ſort of delicacy and luxury which friendſhip could aſſemble together in this place.

Deign,

Deign, ſaid he, to be contented with your ſituation here; I am yet ignorant of the inſtant in which we may conſummate our deſign; but it will arrive and it ſhall be my duty to ſeize upon it. Till then, patience. You are here; that is what I have ardently wiſhed. You might remain here whole years undiſcovered; for I have the ſole direction of this place; therefore, be tranquil; as often as I can, I will come and ſee you. You will, undoubtedly, find much wearineſs; but you muſt, by ſome ſacrifice, pay for the pleaſure which you promiſe yourſelf. Adieu! I muſt quit you. This is the hour in which *Ibrahim*, in the midſt of his women, will expect my attendance. For our common intereſt, I would not give him occaſion to ſend for me. If you take my advice you will, in a little time, extinguiſh your light; the Janiſſaries, who patrole the ſtreet during

during the night, might perceive it; and, ſurpriſed with ſo uncommon a circumſtance, give the alarm and bring ruin upon you. But time preſſes me.

He bade me farewel, and went out by a gate in the wall, oppoſite to that by which we had entered. I followed him with my ears. I heard him ſucceſſively ſhut many gates; and as, in proportion as he retired, the ſound ſeemed to be further above me, I judged that the vizier's palace muſt be prodigiouſly more elevated than the place in which I was.

When I was alone, I ſat down an inſtant to permit my agitation to ſubſide, and I imagined I was ſurely in a dream. Having ſomewhat recovered myſelf, I thought of extinguiſhing the light; but I wiſhed, firſt, to know what ſort of place I now inhabited.

It was ſuperb and every way worthy of the riches and majeſtic ſtate of its maſter. It was rather a magnificent gallery than a cellar for the mere reception of wines. Walls and pillars of the moſt beautiful marble ſupported an elevated vault, built in a charming ſtyle of architecture and embelliſhed with the moſt exquiſite ſculpture. A delicate and ſhining gravel preſerved a ſalubrious coolneſs in this ſpecies of temple, conſecrated to Bacchus. More than five hundred tuns, ranged along the walls, repoſed upon ſtands made of cedar and mahogany. Prodigious hoops of braſs held enchained, in theſe veſſels, the fugitive liquor, whoſe age and name was graven on enamelled labels. At a conſiderable diſtance I found a railing, whoſe bars, made of ſilver, running the whole length of the place and extending to the cieling, divided the gallery into two parts.

parts. It was faſtened; and not being able to penetrate further, I endeavoured to throw the rays of my light as much as I could on the objects within the railing. My dazzled eye could ſcarcely ſuſtain the ſplendour of the ſpectacle. Hundreds of chryſtal vaſes, ranged in an amphitheatre on ſteps of ebony, which extended from the floor to the ceiling, darted upon my ſight the brilliant reflections of the various coloured liquors which each contained. Such was this enchanted place!

Prudence warned me to abandon a ſcene whoſe unexpected ſight had given ſome truce to my griefs. I regained my retreat; and, having taken ſome light nouriſhment, I extinguiſhed my light and laid myſelf on my bed.

The ſilence which pervaded all around me, the violence with which my mind had

had been long agitated, and the ſucceeding hope which my negro friend had raiſed in my ſoul, recalled ſleep to my eye-lids from which it had fled as if never to return. But I was only permitted to taſte tranquillity, and ſoon was I to pay for the raſhneſs of my conduct by cruelleſt alarms.

My ſleep was not ſufficiently ſound to be proof againſt the ſlighteſt noiſe. At midnight I was awakened by the opening of ſome diſtant gates. I liſtened. The noiſe appeared to me to proceed from that part by which the negro went away when he quitted me. I thought at firſt it was himſelf; and that he was come to paſs ſome moments with me. The noiſe becoming more and more diſtinct, I did not doubt but ſome one approached the place where I was. At length a gate opened in the vault;

vault; but it was not that by which my friend went out. In a moment, the vault was illuminated by a number of torches; and I heard the tumultuous cries of a multitude of men and women. Deſpair inſtantly ſeized my ſoul.

It was not long before laughter, the ſounds of joy, and the wanton language of both ſexes, convinced me that it was the love of pleaſure which conducted theſe gueſts to this retired ſcene. I heard them boaſt of the addreſs with which they had ſtolen the keys from *Oſmyn* (that was the name of my negro), while they praiſed him whoſe cunning had imitated them, promiſing themſelves often to enjoy the fruit of their artifice.

I now ſaw that my neighbours were the vizier's ſlaves, who came here to indemnify themſelves in ſecret for the rigorous

ous conſtraint to which their days were condemned. Till then, my breath was almoſt ſuppreſſed with fear; but danger ſoon becomes familiar. When I ſaw that they did not approach nearer me, I took courage; and, gliding ſoftly to the extremity of the tuns which formed my retreat, I endeavoured to diſtinguiſh the number of theſe intruders on my aſylum.

I immediately ſaw that they were in the other part of the gallery, and that the railing ſeparated us. This diſcovery confirmed my courage, and I flattered myſelf that I ſhould eſcape without any further fright.

There appeared about fifteen of them. They had extended a large carpet on the floor and had covered it with a profuſion of proviſions of every ſort. The

liberty

liberty which the place gave them having baniſhed the Mahometan etiquette, they delivered themſelves to the pleaſures of the table, where love preſided, and where the liquor of the vizier was not ſpared.

I leave you to imagine the exceſſes of theſe nocturnal orgies, and I return to my own alarms. Theſe had ſubſided; but a new thought rouſed them in an inſtant. I recollected the Janiſſaries of which *Oſmyn* had ſpoken; and if the light of a ſingle taper had appeared to him to be feared, how dreadful muſt be my apprehenſions from ſuch a number of flambeaux!

This reflection ſtruck me to ſuch a degree, that I was on the point of replacing the ladder, of opening the grate, and of ſaving myſelf by flight; and, perhaps,

perhaps, I ſhould have done ſo if the fear of what I might encounter on opening it, or afterwards in the ſtreets of Conſtantinople at ſuch an hour, had not ſubdued that of a danger which a little good fortune might enable me to ſhun. Beſide, the time advanced; another hour perhaps, and the returning ſun would chaſe away my dangerous neighbours.

To ſay the truth, my friends, it was but juſt that I ſhould ſwallow, as a puniſhment for my guilt, to the very dregs, the bitter poiſon which I had been induſtrious to ſeek.

I expected, with ſome degree of patience, the end of theſe revels which gave delight to every inhabitant of this vault but myſelf. Situated as I was, no part of their diſcourſe could eſcape my

my obſervation; and, notwithſtanding the anguiſh which I ſometimes felt, I was at others, compelled to ſmile at the follies of their drunken riot. One of the women, who had riſen and who was wantonly dancing on the floor, ſuddenly cried out, *Mahmud*, I would drink ſome wine of Schiras! bring me ſome ſlave! One of them immediately roſe and carefully examined all the chryſtal vaſes. *Mahmud* remained a long time in ſearching for the wine. This woman became impatient; and cried, well, curſed ſlave, haſt thou found it? it becomes thee well to keep ſuch a woman as I am, waiting upon thy dulneſs! Faith, anſwered he, though you were the favourite Sultana I could not be in greater haſte to ſerve you; but I ſee none. It is the wine in thy head that prevents thee, ſaid another woman, who drew near to the railing. Come here, booby.

Stay!

Stay! obſerve: do you ſee thoſe tuns which extend almoſt out of ſight? think you there is no wine of Schiras among all thoſe? I trembled with apprehenſion. I ſee the tuns excellently well, cried the man, but I ſee ſtill more clearly this railing, of which we have no key. Here, *Zamet*, cried the woman, ſend us your keys. We ſhall find one, perhaps, which will open this gate. She ran herſelf to bring them and gave them to *Mahmud*.

Now my deſtruction appeared to be inevitable. What could I expect from ſlaves intoxicated with wine, who, in the terror of finding themſelves ſurpriſed, would have probably ſacrificed me to preſerve themſelves from the chaſtiſement which they might otherwiſe dread? If I ſhould undertake to defend myſelf, how could I hope to over-

overcome fifteen perſons who, irritated by my reſiſtance, would have ſtill further motives to deſtroy me. It is difficult to imagine a ſituation more critical.

While I made theſe reflections, the fatal keys were tried, and God knows the ardent wiſhes which I offered up for their inutility. They put one into the lock; it turned; the gate rolled upon its hinges; and all the troop ſhouted to ſee the ſucceſs, which to me appeared to be the ſignal of my death. I had ſcarcely ſtrength to withdraw into my retreat, where I was compelled to wait the end of my unhappy fate.

By an almoſt miraculous inſtance of fortune, curioſity did not lead this bacchanalian crew into the vault in which I was. *Mahmud* alone entered; and with a flambeau in his hand, he began to review

view the tuns within a few paces of me. He read, in a loud voice, the label fixed to each veſſel; and every name which which was not that of Schiras augmented my terrors. I ſaw death advancing ſlowly upon me, and had time to contemplate all its horrors. At length he approached near to my retreat; already I heard the ſound of his reſpiration; already the light of his flambeau would have diſcovered me to his eyes had they not been intently fixed on the veſſels. That which he now looked upon was but the third from me. With a cry of exultation he ſhouted, Victory! Schiras!

Schiras----This ſame Schiras, which had appeared to be the warrant of my death was now the reprieve which reſtored me to life. *Mahmud* pierced the tun; filled a vaſe which he held in his

hand; and returned, in triumph, to rejoin his comrades.

My danger was ſtill great, ſince the gate of the partition was yet open; but, in ſuch a ſituation, the leaſt delay has almoſt all the charms of entire ſecurity. You will imagine how long this night appeared to me. I counted the moments, while the hours paſſed but as a dream with theſe enemies with which I was ſurrounded.

Often did I look up to the grating, by which I entered, to watch for the firſt rays of the day. At length, they came in mercy to my ſufferings, while the riotous group certainly yet thought them afar off. Shortly after, the Imans, from the height of their towers, ſummoned the people to prayers. It was a thunderſtroke for the ſlaves. They fled without

without reflection; and, in their confuſion, left open the gate; forgot the remainder of their repaſt; and, while the gates ſhut rapidly in ſucceſſion, hope returned into my ſoul.

What a night! what a ſituation! Ah if man would calculate what the paſſions coſt him, if he could but behold in a mirror all the evils which are cauſed by every irregular wiſh that he eagerly embraces, and which promiſes him nothing but pleaſure, he would recede with terror from the mere aſpect of the chimerical happineſs which reſults from all that is not virtue.

When I was aſſured that the ſlaves were entirely withdrawn, I aroſe and contemplated the condition in which they had left the vault; and I viewed, with a ſort of gratitude, the vaſes

which they had emptied, and whoſe friendly vapours had hid my retreat from their eyes. However, the terror of the laſt five hours had waſted my ſtrength; my courage ſuddenly failed me; my knees bended beneath my weight; and I ſunk upon the floor. With a trembling hand I filled a gilded cup with ſome Hungarian wine which ſtood near me, and emptied it at one draught. Its balſamic heat animated my ſpirits. I repeated the draught. A ſwift and ſubtle fire ſpread through my veins. I aroſe with ſtrength and courage. I regained my aſylum, where fatigue and the effects of Tokay plunged me into a profound ſleep.

It continued the whole day, and ſome light and pleaſant dreams embelliſhed this interval of repoſe. I thought that I ſaw myſelf at the feet of *Elizabeth*; and

and that *Ibrahim*, with his generous hand, crowned our conſtant flame. Deceitful viſions! You are born to conſole, to laugh at, to betray us!

I was forcibly rouſed from this felicity; it was *Oſmyn* who called me. His preſence delighted my ſoul, and I embraced him with gratitude. How! So late? ſaid he. Do you ſleep ſtill, and the day nearly finiſhed? Ah! ſaid I, if you knew the cruel night which I have paſſed, you would be leſs aſtoniſhed. Then I recounted to him what had happened, and I ſaw him tremble at the bare recital of my peril: he aſſured himſelf of the diſorder by his eyes. Well, ſaid he, the evil is light, ſince they have not ſeen you. Let us talk of ſomething better. This is the inſtant to try your courage. Is it yet proof againſt all hazard? Yes:

I anſwered, with rapture. You may rely on me. Then, added he, in ſome hours *Elizabeth* is in your power, or we ſhall both periſh. Ah! too generous friend, cried I, is it poſſible? Inform me—Never was occaſion more charming, returned he. The ſultan gives an entertainment. He is young. It will laſt the whole night. It is the cuſtom. The vizier has juſt departed for the ſeraglio. None of the great officers of the empire dares to withdraw, while the grand ſeignior is preſent. Such is the etiquette. The abſence of *Ibrahim* will permit all the ſlaves of his houſe to abandon themſelves to repoſe; at midnight the palace will be a deſart. I know all the avenues, all the apartments of it. You and I will aſcend to to the chamber of *Elizabeth*. Her orders are given: ſhe will then be alone; her women will be gone to reſt. I will

conduct

conduct you to her bed; if fear does not ſtifle her voice, an handkerchief will aſſiſt you. We are ſtrong, we will force her away, and bring her here. We will take our flight by this ſame grating, and the winds and waves ſhall have borne us far from the ſhore, before any one ſhall ſuſpect the deed.

Then, I abandon myſelf to your direction, ſaid I; fortune, which has hitherto ſerved me ſo well, will not now be faithleſs to me. We ſhall ſucceed: my courage tells me ſo.

He quitted me no more; and waiting for the time fit for our purpoſe, we ſupped together. During theſe few hours that I paſſed with *Oſmyn*, I felt, more than ever, the firmneſs of his mind and the goodneſs of his heart. We know not, ſaid he among other

things, in what ſituation we may ſoon be. But whatever happens, do not name the fault which theſe ſlaves have committed this laſt night. Death would be the conſequence of their imprudence. If we are unfortunate, at leaſt let not our ruin be fatal to any one. I felt as he did; and I made him a promiſe.

In fine, the hour—ſhall I ſay fearful?—yes: for the braveſt man is not exempt from emotion at the aſpect of ſuch danger; it is courage to feel this emotion, and ſubdue it——in fine. the bell ſounded the fearful, the ardently expected hour! Let us embrace, ſaid *Oſmyn*. We go—perhaps to death! Come. I trembled.

We mounted ſlowly, with the aid of a light that he had ſtill kept burning, by ſome ſtairs which led to the apartments

ments of the palace. *Oſmyn* left all the gates open behind us, that nothing might retard our flight. When we had traverſed the ſubterraneous places, and we were ready to mount the laſt ſteps, which would introduce us into the palace, he extinguiſhed the taper, and placing me on his right, and taking my hand, let us proceed with firmneſs, ſaid he, in a low voice. Another quarter of an hour, and all is done.

We entered. The carpets which covered the whole of the floors aided the myſtery of our ſteps. The apartments in Turkey being divided only by curtains, we had not to fear the noiſe of doors turning on their hinges, as would have been the inevitable caſe every where elſe. I will not deſcribe the multitude of turnings which we

made, nor the prodigious number of apartments through which we paſſed; perhaps impatience, fear, and the obſcurity of night, rendered them more numerous to me.

We arrived, after ſome time, at the entrance of an anti-chamber. Let us take breath, whiſpered my conductor. We have only this room to paſs, and we are at that of *Elizabeth*. At preſent, follow cloſe upon my ſteps; and beware of treading a hair's breadth aſide! This is now the only danger we have to ſhun; but we ſhall not return by this way. We pauſed a minute; then he ſaid to me: let us proceed, and we entered.

I may ſay, I made but one body with him. My feet replaced his. After a ſtep or two, I thought I heard a loud reſpiration of ſeveral perſons who ſlept. A ſud-

A ſudden apprehenſion made me ſtart involuntarily to one ſide. My feet were embarraſſed with ſomething. I fell: and I felt under my hand the body of a man, who ſeemed, notwithſtanding my fall, to be profoundly aſleep. But ſuddenly a voice, which penetrated my ear like thunder, cried, Who is there? The ſlave who goes the rounds, anſwered *Oſmyn*, coldly, and aiding me to ariſe; I have fallen, that's all. The voice ſaid not a word more. We advanced, and were in an inſtant at the entrance of *Elizabeth*'s chamber. We are ſafe, ſaid *Oſmyn*, in a low voice. This is the room.

We are in haſte. He raiſes the curtains. We enter: Ah God! A multitude of flambeaux dazzle my ſight! I ſee a numerous guard ranged in a ſemicircle, whoſe naked ſcymetres gliſ-

ten in my eyes ! *Ibrahim* at the feet of *Elizabeth*, who, reclining on a ſopha, liſtens to his ſighs ! To cry out, traitor, you have betrayed me, to draw my poignard, to raiſe it, to ſtrike it into *Oſmyn's* boſom, to extend him at my feet, was all done with the ſwiftneſs of thought. I was about to ſtrike myſelf ; the guards ſtay my fatal arm, and aweful ſilence ſucceeds to the terror of the ſcene.

Ibrahim advanced with his ſcymeter in his hand, unqueſtionably to immolate me to his wrath. He looked at me ; recollected me ; recoiled ; then conſidered me ſome moments ; and, without addreſſing a ſingle word to me, he whiſpered to an officer of his guards, and afterwards ſaid, with a loud voice : Obey, lead him away.

Fury

Fury and deſpair had now waſted the ſtrength which a few minutes of flattering hope had given me. I followed my guards with trembling ſteps; and without the aid of the officer I ſhould not have been able to proceed. "They lead me to death. Alas! I wiſh it. I have loſt every thing!"

I was conducted into an apartment ſuperbly furniſhed. The officer ranged the guards at the entrance, and invited me to place myſelf on a rich ſofa. I obeyed, without a ſenſe of what I did. He placed himſelf beſide me. Yet ſeeing the paleneſs of my countenance, the dejection of my eyes, the tremulation of all my limbs, and fearing that I ſhould faint, he took a liquor in uſe among the Turks, which they name ſherbet, and pouring it, with ſome precious balm, into a cup of por-

porcelaine, he preſented it to me. I gently put it away from me. Recollect, ſaid he, with a kind of goodneſs, that you are my captive, and that you ought to obey me. I took the cup. I ſwallowed the draught. My ſtrength returned; and, with it, the ſentiment of all my evils.

Thou didſt alſo return, Oh, remembrance of my God! Thou, oh God! whom I had ſo cruelly forgotten ſince my infancy. Ah, thou didſt wait till this chimerical felicity which I worſhipped ſhould be diſſipated, as a waſting cloud, to preſent thyſelf to my view!

See then, ſaid I, turning my eyes inward to myſelf, to what have tended all my cares? All my ſacrifices? Since I met with this fatal *Elizabeth*, have I taſted

taſted a ſingle inſtant of ſerenity? Her firſt ſight ſeemed to promiſe me happineſs: ſince then, no day has been without vexation; no night without inquietude; no hour without bitterneſs. Was not this enough? Muſt to ſuch miſery be added the devouring fire of jealouſy and revenge! I have quitted my home, my father, my too unfortunate father! Ingrate! I have outraged nature; and have placed my faith in a vile ſlave.

And for what purpoſe? To find death! See then this happineſs: death! and if the God, of whom in my infancy I have heard—if this God exiſts—what have I to ſay in his preſence? Fierce and vindictive as I am; the deſtroyer of the ſentiments of nature; the corrupter of men's faith; in fine, their murderer! and

and have I a virtue to plead my defence?

Oh, he exiſts! he abandons me in this extreme hour! The juſt expire, ſurrounded with his bleſſings.—All the univerſe muſt fly, even God muſt withdraw his ſuſtaining preſence, when the criminal dies!

May I not pray to him then? Where are the proofs of my ſincerity? Is it when all other means forſake me that I would prove my truth by turning to him? Ah, I have too much offended him! But, wretch that I am, do I meaſure his goodneſs inſtead of placing my reliance on it?

I threw myſelf on my knees. I raiſed my arms toward heaven. Oh God, cried I, ſtill have I confidence in thee!

thee! Cruſh me not with all thy wrath! If I muſt die, give me courage, and I ſhall be ready. Thou haſt ſeen my crimes. Thou doſt ſee my repentance. Accept it as the only expreſſion of returning purity!

It ſeemed that a balm was ſhed into the wounds of my ſoul. A ſweet joy, till then unknown to me through my life, animated my heart. In fine, what would I ſay to you, my friends! I felt the trueſt happineſs: the happineſs of a virtuous wiſh.

The day ſurpriſed me in the midſt of theſe reflections. All were ſtill ſilent as to my fate. Neither the officer nor the guards had quitted me. They had been the witneſſes of my emotions, and had not interrupted them.

Having

Having recovered from the ſpecies of extacy in which I had been plunged, I perceived their preſence, and I hazarded ſome queſtions. Do not interrogate me, ſaid the officer with gentleneſs. I pity you, but I muſt not anſwer you. Expect every thing from my compaſſion; but reſpect the ſecrets with which I am intruſted.

Then, changing the converſation, he ſaid to me, you are more calm, and I am happy to perceive it. I now can recogniſe the man of courage. He endeavoured to amuſe me too; he would have engaged me to admire the magnificence of the place in which we ſat. I was ſcarcely in a condition to be particularly attentive to the beauties of the apartment, yet I could not forbear to notice its extreme elegance, taſte, and ſplendour.

It was the place in which *Ibrahim*, an accompliſhed man as well as an enlightened ſtateſman, ſometimes relieved himſelf from the cares of government. He had aſſembled every thing which luxurious nature produces; and we had at once under our eyes, the richeſt treaſures of the earth and ſeas.

This ſaloon was on the ground floor. A vaſt door, made of a ſingle plate of glaſs, diſplayed a garden entirely covered with a lattice of gold. In this delightful grove might be ſeen the rareſt birds ſporting amongſt myrtles and orange trees; except when hunger called them to their food, or thirſt to baſons of pureſt alabaſter. High fences of roſes and jeſſamine ſurrounded the charming ſpot; and prevented intruding eyes from penetrating into its receſs; and the white marble preſented,

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as a contraſt to the green walls, the elegant forms of chaſed vaſes and antique ſtatues.

Magnificence and wealth, ſaid I, too uſually the objects of men's deſires and cauſes of their crimes, I ſee you here united! When men torment themſelves to acquire you, let them take my place: they will know you better!

About the middle of the day we were ſerved with refreſhments. In vain did the officer preſs me to partake of them. I turned from the greateſt delicacies again to view the aſpect of death.

Some hours after, a ſlave came to call the officer. The leaſt circumſtance alarms at ſuch moments. I regarded this abſence as the forerunner of my eternal departure.

departure. I collected all my powers; and again, proſtrating myſelf, I poured before my God the tears which flowed from my heart.

The officer re-entered. I aroſe: Follow me, ſaid he; your time is come. I could not now any longer doubt my fate. Ah! what is the reſolution of a guilty heart, when death is about to ſeize upon it! My enfeebled faculties failed me; a cloud extended itſelf over my eyes; my memory, my intelligence, all vaniſhed! In fine, in this ſpecies of annihilation, I trod in the ſteps of my guards, without any conſcioufneſs of my being.

What was there which could recal my ſenſes? It was a ſingle word which, ſwift as the irreſiſtible lightning, ſtruck a ſpark into my ſoul; brought back

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the remembrance of what I had been; the recollection of what I now was.

It was the voice of a man who called me by the name which I bore at Smyrna. This name had not met my ear ſince the time that my paſſions led me to aſſume another. I opened my eyes. My guards had diſappeared. I was alone with this man. I turned my looks upon him, yet obſcured by the ſhades of death. A long pauſe enſued before my weakened memory informed me where I had ſeen him. Suddenly I recollected his features: it was *Ibrahim*.

Finiſh your vengeance! ſaid I. What wait you? Strike!

This great man folded me in his arms. I felt his tears pouring down my forehead. My vengeance! ſaid he. Ah!

Ah! Why am I here? to pity your weakneſſes, not to avenge myſelf of them. Live: be happy, if it be poſſible; and learn how a man may conquer himſelf.

He ſat down and made me ſit beſide him. His own hand deigned to preſent me a precious cordial. I felt new life ruſh upon me. At preſent, ſaid *Ibrahim*, you owe me your confidence. If my friendſhip has not a right to demand that entire confidence, yet refuſe it not to your deliverer. Tell me, who could inſpire you with this deſign? Ah! cried I, do you not recogniſe love in this attempt? Jealous love! ferocious love! which no obſtacle can withhold: no danger can affright!

I now felt ſome confidence, and recounted to him every thing that had paſſed

paſſed ſince the fatal night in which *Elizabeth* fled from me. He liſtened with the moſt compaſſionate attention. When I had concluded, he ſaid, Did you deſign to ſlay me? Had you purpoſed to ſacrifice me to your jealouſy? Ah! anſwered I, what do you demand? Do not preſs me. You know what love is. You know the crimes it can inſpire: Ah, ſave me from ſaying more!

Your frankneſs renders you more worthy of my eſteem, ſaid he. I will ſhew you what that eſteem can do. He called ſome ſlaves. They entered, and he made them a ſign. They went out, and immediately afterwards I ſaw them appear with *Elizabeth*. What do you? ſaid I to the vizier. Oh, in pity remove her from my ſight! One moment—ſaid he with a ſigh. She muſt judge between us. Madam: he continued

tinued addreſſing himſelf to *Elizabeth*, you ſee before you two men who adore you. He did every thing for you; he ſaved you from chains; he made his father your father; his houſe your aſylum; he has defied death to regain you: theſe are his titles. Mine do not equal theſe. What are poor benefactions compared with ſuch efforts? Conſult your heart. If ambition, if the flattering attractions of one of the moſt exalted ranks of life have done violence to your tenderneſs, it is not too late to correct the error. You are free. I reſerve to myſelf only the honour of building up your fortune. If, on the contrary, your mouth has been the organ of your ſentiments. If I owe the happineſs with which you have filled me only to the ſincerity of your love, ſpeak it with the ſame free-

dom; and, by the avowal, put an end to the torments of my young friend.

I will make the choice which you require of me, anſwered *Elizabeth*. I eſteem you both; but one alone has my love. It is not without anguiſh that I wound the happineſs of him whoſe friendſhip alone would be precious to me. You are not deceived, *Ibrahim*. When I followed you, my heart ſpoke neither for you nor *Bruno*. My ambition did all. Nay, you ſhall know me entirely. If I had captivated the heart of the ſultan, you never would have had any empire over my ſoul. But now——Pardon me, *Bruno*——But now, *Ibrahim* on the throne, *Ibrahim* in the duſt, would ſtill be the object of my affection. Behold! continued ſhe, ſhewing me her infant in the arms of her

her women: though you ſhould blame my love, yet reſpect my duties!

Ah, God! cried I. *Ibrahim* tendered his hand to me. Alas! I was his rival, and this generous man filled me with the tendereſt careſſes and the gentleſt conſolations. I became aſhamed to be ſo little before a man who had given me two ſuch great examples of magnanimity. My pride was rouſed, and I wiſhed to ſhew myſelf worthy of ſuch a friend.

Never did I make any effort with ſuch painful ſtruggles; but in fine, I triumphed over myſelf. Now, ſaid I to *Ibrahim*, I ſhould bluſh to envy you a happineſs which you merit better than I. I even honour the choice of *Elizabeth*.

Elizabeth diſappeared. Generous victory! ſaid *Ibrahim*. You loſe a lover, and I can only offer you the heart of a friend. Ah! cried I, embracing his knees, what man would not make the purchaſe with his blood? Farewel, exalted *Ibrahim!* Proud of your noble gift, aſhamed to be unworthy of it, I go far from you, to bury the remembrance of crimes into which I have been drawn by an unfortunate paſſion. Baniſh this vain remorſe, ſaid he to me. You have committed no crime.——"No, *Ibrahim?* I abandoned my father."—"In a little time you ſhall be in his arms."—"And the blood of your negro ſlave—it cries for vengeance againſt me." I ſaw *Ibrahim* ſmile. Be ſatisfied, ſaid he. The exceſs of your fury unnerved your hands; ſcarcely have you wounded him. "Ah! what a weight do you remove from my heart?

heart? He was a traitor; but I would not have been his executioner."—— "You miſtake; your ſuſpicion was unjuſt. He was faithful to you."—— "How!"——"Chance alone deceived you both. A ſlight indiſpoſition poſtponed the ſultan's entertainment. I uſually riſe at three. It was near midnight when I was informed of the ſultan's pleaſure. The time appeared to me too ſhort for repoſe, and I choſe rather to give it to love. I viſited *Elizabeth*, with the guards which attended me to the palace. She did not expect me; but I forbade her to awake her people, and my return was unknown to all except thoſe around us."—"Ah! will you yet do me a favour, not unworthy of your other benefactions? Grant me the pardon of that ſlave. I uſe with pride the name of friend which you have given me, and offer an op-

portunity to exert your clemency. It is the firſt ſervice which my friendſhip renders you."—"I grant his pardon, but he muſt change his maſter."—"Ah, who is ſo worthy to command him!"—"He who has ſaved his life. Take him. I ſubmit to the laws which your friendſhip impoſes on me; then, obey mine."

Such was *Ibrahim*. What I relate of him does but feebly paint his exalted mind.

He ordered that they ſhould lead the ſlave into this apartment. The trembling *Oſmyn* appeared in the midſt of a numerous guard. I ſaw *Ibrahim* inſtantaneouſly aſſume the ſevere and dignified countenance with which he dictated laws to a vaſt empire. He commanded the ſlaves of his houſe to attend.

attend. You ſee, *Oſmyn*, ſaid he in a ſolemn tone—I could, by his torture, teach you how we can puniſh infidelity; but I have governed you rather by my affections, than by my paſſions. The fault of a ſlave alters not my principles. I pardon him. Learn, by his example, that God will not ſuffer treachery to be concealed; and that you ought to be faithful to a maſter who can puniſh, and knows how to forgive. Withdraw. You, *Oſmyn*, remain.

When all were gone, again appearing with that affecting goodneſs which he had laid aſide but for a moment, *Oſmyn*, ſaid he, I was but your maſter: you wiſhed for a friend and liberty. I give a friend to you; let him give you liberty.

In vain will you attempt to imagine the joy, the tranſports of poor *Oſmyn*. Reſpect could not reſtrain them. He embraced the knees of *Ibrahim*, ſprang on my neck, laughed, wept, ſung, forgot the vizier and the ſlave.

Ah, ſaid he to me, we are brothers! Together have we riſen from death, I ſwear never to quit you.

He has faithfully preſerved his word; and God has recompenſed his tender friendſhip, by reſtoring his ſon to him.

I would have inſtantly departed to my father. My eyes were opened to my criminal indifference as to a parent's happineſs, and I became eager to expiate my guilt. But the gratitude which I owed to *Ibrahim* overcame my

my wiſhes, and made me yield to his unremitting ſolicitations, which intreated my preſence for ſome weeks.

Entertainments, pleaſures, amuſements, ſolicited my attention; and *Ibrahim* ſpared no endeavour to ſubdue a ſorrow which I could not conſtantly diſguiſe. Nothing that merits the regard of a ſtranger was hid from me, and *Ibrahim* granted every thing to my curioſity which his rank could command. Perhaps I penetrated further than any other European into the receſſes of the ſultan's palace; almoſt hid from human eyes. In fine, I became acquainted with all the greateſt and moſt amiable inhabitants of that court; and I know not if I may not ſay that, among theſe, I knew ſome of the beſt people on the earth. A people too little known; the object of deriſion,

for ignorance; of compaſſion, for the friend of the arts; and of admiration, for the wiſe.

I had written to my father to calm his inquietudes, and frequently received intelligence from him. His kind letters breathed a burning deſire to ſee me; yet he even laid his commands on me not to violate my obligations to *Ibrahim*, by too haſty a departure. Theſe commands accorded but too well with my own inclinations, to be reſiſted by me. Each day a witneſs of the virtues of that great man, of his vaſt genius, of the ſultan's eſteem for him, and (yet better) of a people's love, which he poſſeſſed entirely, the moſt profound and tendereſt reſpect occupied my mind, and I tremblingly looked at the moment when I muſt be ſeparated from him.

A letter

A letter came to acquaint me that my father was ſick, and requeſted my preſence. No longer did I heſitate; for nature ſilenced friendſhip. I ran to *Ibrahim*; and imparted to him the intelligence which doubly wounded my heart. He felt it too; yet he ſaid, Go where duty calls you; but never forget a man who loves you. If it depended on me, you ſhould be happier. You have virtues: cheriſh them, and you ſhall have more. Temper your ardent mind, or that alone will tarniſh all. Be not eternally ſeeking after happineſs; but endeavour to deſerve it. Serve your God, love your ſovereign*; be uſeful to men, ſhun idleneſs, fear your heart more than public opinion, and you ſhall be happy. Theſe are the laſt counſels of a friend whom you will never ſee again.

* I ſhould have added, while he is juſt. T.

Never! cried I: yes, I will again ſee you. Virtue in the midſt of a palace is a ſublime object. Who can refrain from returning to it? No, my friend, ſaid *Ibrahim*; I love you too well to require it. Religion and cuſtom ſeparate us. You cannot diſcharge any truſt in this empire, and I would not that my friend ſhould be uſeleſs on the earth. But though I ſhould myſelf haſten your return, alas, it would be perhaps but a vain care! You know not what is the condition of a vizier. To-day, he diſpenſes life and death. To-morrow, death lays him in oblivion. In our fate, for the inſtruction of ambition, the Omnipotent points to the fragility of human grandeur.

Ah! cried I, dare you foreſee——I expect it with tranquillity, anſwered *Ibrahim*. To be a vizier is to be familiar with the idea of death. But farewel!

wel! I have prepared for the ſeparation; I already knew of your father's ſickneſs, when you came to communicate it to me. Go: my orders are given; and your veſſel is ready. I have proportioned to your delicacy, and not to my power, the trifles which it contains. Speak not of them: that would be to offend me.

He yet embraced me, when one of the chief officers of the empire was announced to him; and *Ibrahim*, maſter of his ſoul, inſtantly re-aſſumed the majeſty of his rank. I withdrew, full of admiration, ſorrow, and regret.

My poor *Oſmyn* waited for me, and we proceeded for the veſſel. The friendſhip of *Oſmyn* uſed every reſource which his fertile mind could imagine, to withdraw me from my ſorrows.

Alas!

Alas! happy even under my misfortune, I quitted a friend—a friend replaced him. Pride may ſmile—the one a vizier, the other a ſlave! No matter: ſenſibility has nothing to do with the diſtinction.

The generous *Ibrahim* had called his gifts trifling. They were immenſe. The cargo of my veſſel was worth an hundred thouſand crowns.

The firſt days of our voyage were fortunate, and I flattered myſelf to be in a few days at the feet of my father. My notions of happineſs were now changed. The paſt had taught me the little value of a fine figure, and of the blandiſhments of love. Ah! that chimera fled, but to give way to another! The advice of *Ibrahim*, my father's power, my own genius, which adver-

ſity

ſity and the commerce of a great man had developed, turned my attention to an object which ſeemed more worthy of my wiſhes. Ambition and glory preſented themſelves in all their charms before my eyes. My wealth, I ſaid to myſelf, and my father's influence clears my way to the nobleſt career. This, this is the true point of happineſs. Covered with glory! ſurrounded with honours! what ſhall be wanting to my felicity?

Already we perceived the coaſt to which we ſteered; and the ſame wind, in a few hours, would bring us to the port. Vain hope! The wind changed, and we were obliged to tack during the whole day. In the night the wind increaſed to a hurricane; and, the neighbourhood of the coaſt becoming dangerous, the captain ſtretched to ſea.

The

The following morning it became a decided tempeſt, which continued to rage during many days with unabating fury; and we were driven, ſpight of our endeavours, into the Mediterranean.

At length the heavens cleared; but the wind abated little. We perceived a coaſt before us, and it was recogniſed to be the entrance of Marſeilles. It was then evening, and the captain was of opinion that we ought to wait for the next morning, to gain the port, the neighbouring rocks rendering the entrance difficult, and he fearing not to be able to paſs it before the arrival of night: but the whole crew, wearied with the fatigues of ſo long a ſtorm, urged him to proceed with ſuch obſtinacy that he had the weakneſs to yield to their deſires.

At

At ſeven in the evening, we were along ſide of the rocks, which we were compelled to paſs very near. The ſea broke on it with violence; the ſun was ſet; and the obſcurity of the night became profound. In fine, we ſtruck upon the rock. The ſtroke was terrible; and, in an inſtant, the water penetrated as a torrent into the hold. In the horrible confuſion, each thought only of ſaving his own life; and now it was that I ſaw all the coolneſs, the courage, the friendſhip of my worthy *Oſmyn*. Be collected, ſaid he to me, and I anſwer for your life.

The agitation of the ſea would not have admitted of any aſſiſtance from the port; nor had we, in the terrible fright with which each was ſeized, even thought of firing a gun, as a ſignal of diſtreſs. The bowſprit of our veſſel had

had run upon the land; and by that, moſt of the crew endeavoured to ſave themſelves. But amidſt the darkneſs of the night, amidſt the efforts of a multitude for their individual ſafety, they deſtroyed each other, and the greater part fell into the ſea, or were cruſhed by the veſſel againſt the rocks; where they were ſwallowed by the fury of the waves.

Oſmyn ſeized a rope, attached it ſtrongly to the cordage of the mizen maſt, deſcended, ſprang into the ſea, and ſwam to the ſhore, with the rope in his hand; faſtened it to the rock, and, when he was aſſured of its firmneſs, embraced it with his hands and feet, and thus climbing, with great difficulty regained the veſſel. He now ſhewed me in what manner I ſhould lay hold on the rope, and placing himſelf behind

hind me, to moderate the rapidity of my motion in gliding down it, in this manner we reached the rocks in ſafety. His unſhaken recollection had not even forgotten my leſs inferior intereſts. He had contrived to convey with him a ſmall caſket. This, ſaid he, is all that I could ſave for you; but, at leaſt, it will ſerve your preſent wants. A thouſand ſequins, and my papers, was the whole that was left of the bounty of *Ibrahim*.

Shortly after, the veſſel broke up into a thouſand pieces, with a hideous noiſe, and the ſea was covered with its remains.

The ſmall garriſon of the caſtle of If, hearing the cries of the crew, came to receive us with humanity; but, as we came from the Levant, we were compelled

pelled, notwithſtanding our condition, to undergo all the fatigues of a quarantine. The captain and ten men had eſcaped the ſhipwreck; but in what a condition! Almoſt naked, without money, and without friends. It was, undoubtedly, my firſt duty to ſoften their misfortune; but, to my ſhame muſt I own, I thought only of my own loſs, and my cruel reverſe of fortune. The ſoul of *Oſmyn* was greater than mine. He had in his girdle an hundred louis, which he had ſaved in the ſervice of the vizier. They were his all. He diſtributed the whole amongſt his unfortunate fellow-ſufferers. I knew it not till ſome days after, when reflection had opened my eyes to the miſeries which I imagined they muſt ſuffer. What a difference! They would have languiſhed in want, waiting for my aſſiſtance; and *Oſmyn* had not given them

them time even to know what this want was. I have wiſhed an hundred times to return this ſum to *Oſmyn*; but he has as often refuſed me; and theſe are the only refuſals which I have ever met with from him. Ah, this is beneficence without a ſtain!

During my quarantine, I wrote to M. *de R*——, my father's correſpondent at Marſeilles; and he tendered me all the ſervices which politeneſs and humanity could ſuggeſt. He had ſeen me in my childhood; he had a friendſhip for me; and I expected, with impatience, the inſtant in which I ſhould viſit him. I had now recovered from the firſt vexation of my loſs. The fortune of my father was ſufficiently great ſtill to flatter my hopes, and my ſhipwreck had made no change in the new idea I had conceived of happineſs.

As

As ſoon as I was permitted to enter Marſeilles, I went to the houſe of M. *de R*——. He received me with goodneſs; and introduced me to his wife and children. They united in preſſing me to reſide with them. I enquired if he had heard lately from my father. He anſwered, Yes; and immediately changed the converſation. I was ſurpriſed, but forbore to make enquiries. All the family ſeemed to exert themſelves to amuſe me during dinner; yet I fancied I perceived a certain air of conſtraint, for which I knew not how to account. It did not ariſe from ceremony; for I ſaw their heart entered into their civilities. What was it then? Alas, I learned but too ſoon!

After we had dined, M. *de R*—— took my hand and conducted me into his library. He made me ſit beſide him.

him. Your adventures, ſaid he, and the manner in which you have ſupported your laſt misfortune, aſſure me of the firmneſs of your mind. Alarmed by this preface, I preſſed him to proceed. It is painful to me, ſaid he, to be obliged to inform you of a new affliction, the firſt time I have the pleaſure of being your hoſt; but I muſt not conceal it: you no longer have a father.

Ah, what grief ruſhed upon my ſoul! Reflection, reflection tormented me. My departure, my abſence from him, I ſaid to myſelf, have preſſed him to the grave. My ſituation became alarming. It was not a bitter malady; but a dark melancholy, a languor which reſiſted all remedies.

Nothing

Nothing could exceed the tender cares of my hoſts; but my poor *Oſmyn* was not willing that any one but himſelf ſhould watch over me.

However, in ſome months my youth had nearly conquered my diſorder. Every means which my friends could employ were brought to the aid of nature; and theſe were finally ſucceſsful. I began to think of returning to Smyrna, to take poſſeſſion of my father's property; and I named my deſign to M. *de R*——. Think not of Smyrna, ſaid he, you are young, and have talents. Theſe are nearly all your wealth. A ſedition, which happened at Smyrna, haſtened your father's death. The populace entered his houſe, and all was pillaged and deſtroyed. His papers being loſt, you will expect to recover little

little of the property which he had in other hands. I was about to remit him eighty thouſand francs, I have them yet, and they are yours. By adding them to your thouſand ſequins you will have nearly thirty-ſix thouſand livres; they will be ſufficient with conduct.

I received this intimation with more indifference than I ſhould have expected. We become inſenſible to misfortune, as to proſperity. Happy is it for man—the ſwifter the ſucceſſion of evils, the leſs he feels them.

I aſked M. *de R*—'s advice as to the meaſures I ought to purſue. Proceed to Paris, ſaid he, and ſolicit your father's place, no one is yet named to it. I have friends there, and will give you letters of recommendation. I will myſelf anſwer that you ſhall have the ſuffrages of Marſeilles.

I could not reſiſt a plan which was ſo agreeable to the deſigns that I had formed. Loaden with M. *de R*—'s goodneſs, I departed for Paris. I ſaw the miniſter, and preſented a memorial to him, ſuſtained by thoſe of my friends. He gave me hopes during ſix months; and I ſaw myſelf very politely refuſed, after I had waſted a conſiderable part of my moderate finances.

Happineſs then is not to be found in ambition! ſaid I. It has deceived me, as well as love. But where ſhall I go to ſeek her?

You will ſoon ſee all my leſſons had not yet made me wiſe. I had ſcarcely twenty-ſix thouſand livres remaining, but I flattered myſelf I ſhould yet recover a conſiderable indemnity from Conſtantinople, for the loſs of my father's fortune, through the channel of the

the French ambaſſador. I wrote to *Ibrahim*, and informed him of all my misfortunes; and this generous man was in the act of ſending me ſuccours that aſſuredly would have exceeded all my wants when—as if my fatal deſtiny extended to every ſource which could aid me---He paid with his life for the dangerous honours which he had poſſeſſed with glory.

I now looked around me. My abode at Paris, and the poſt which I had ſolicited, had procured me ſome acquaintance. Paris is, perhaps, of all great cities, that in which we ought to be moſt on our guard againſt connections, and where it is moſt difficult to chuſe them with propriety. Diſtinctions diſappear there. The love of pleaſure levels all. Each Aurora beholds a new ſucceſſion of delights, and the flowers of

this day chaſe away the remembrance of the roſes which perfumed the preceding evening. This is happineſs, ſaid I, to myſelf. Here they ſleep in the boſom of pleaſure, and new raptures awaken them. I will imitate them. Alas! I did not perceive the maſk which man too often wears. The life of a reſtleſs warrior is not more painful than that of the diſſipated youths of Paris. Repulſing the avidious creditor, cringing to the hard uſurer, inceſſantly tracing plans of reſource, combatting inquietude, braving reproaches, for what? ——one minute's enjoyment, for pride; a ſecond, for pleaſure, (half of which is claimed by laſſitude); and years of remorſe.

Of all my dreams, this was of the ſhorteſt duration. One cannot go far with twenty-ſix thouſand livres. The meteor

meteor of an inſtant, ſoon was I extinguiſhed like many others, in the abyſs of oblivion: while, the playful, careſſing inſects, which my blaze had aſſembled around me, diſappeared as the breath of a zephyr.

Of all the hearts which had ſworn eternal friendſhip to me, there remained none but *Oſmyn*. With more foreſight than I, whilſt lying pleaſures diſſipated my ſmall fortune, he had been aſſiduous in learning an uſeful art. Poverty warned me of a ſeparation which my folly had rendered neceſſary, and which friendſhip preſented to my mind as terrifying. I had no debts: an uncommon thing with ruined petits-maîtres. But twenty-five louis d'ors were my whole property, and it was neceſſary I ſhould now take to ſome employment. Painful as it was, I found myſelf compelled to open my

deſigns to *Oſmyn*; and to announce to him the agony under which my ſoul groaned. He ſmiled: We muſt ſeparate, ſaid he; and why? Becauſe I am poor; I anſwered. That is preciſely the reaſon why I ought to remain with you, ſaid he. If you were rich, you would have no need of me.---"Ah, but how ſhall I ſupport you, *Oſmyn?*"——"Fear not: my labour will be more than ſufficient for us both."——"How! Do you wiſh that I ſhould abuſe"——?

Ah! ſaid *Oſmyn*, with vivacity, what is it that I ſhall give you? That which even a ſtranger ought not to refuſe. And what do you not give me, by receiving. Have you ſo elevated a ſoul, and do you not conceive——Ah, I am much more happy than you, ſince I never ſhall have received more generous benefactions from you! ——What! would

would you ſay? I cried. What! The fruit of your labour! Never!——

Hold, replied *Oſmyn*, firmly, I begin to be acquainted with European manners. Be ſincere: do I deceive myſelf? Your heart yields, but your pride kindles: you would accept aſſiſtance from an equal; you do not think me yours.——

"Ah, the ſuſpicion offends me! but"——"But prejudice ſpeaks. How ſtrange! You Europeans expend, without bluſhing, the money which the poor men carries to your treaſure, moiſtened with his blood. But ſhould it be offered as a gift of his love, you fire at the affront. How abſurd! *Bruno*, hear a truth: it is the man of nature who tells it you. You were not aſhamed of my ſervices at the vizier's. Know you why? It was, becauſe I ſerved your paſſions. Now my ſervices offend you; and why?

Becauſe they inform you that all men are equal. Ah, deſpiſe theſe baubles of the mind, theſe childiſh diſtinctions! Be a man, and permit me to be one alſo!"

Alas! I cried, throwing myſelf into his arms, I would be as great as you. I accept all: it is the only means I have to equal you.

Ah, my dear *Otourou*, you weep at the recital of your father's greatneſs! Heaven has reſerved him to be at once the model and the recompenſe of your own virtues! But it is time, my friends, to finiſh a ſtory which your love for me alone renders intereſting; and I haſten to conclude.

While I was yet diſſipating my money, I had been preſented to a widow who had

had no children. She was about five and forty, and was in poſſeſſion of a handſome fortune. With wit, gaiety, and affability, ſhe drew to her houſe an amiable, choſen ſociety, of which ſhe was the life and charm. I had ſeen her with that ſort of intereſt which every man feels in the preſence of ſuch a woman; but nothing farther; and, as ſoon as I awoke to my misfortune, I ceaſed to viſit her. One day, as I left my apartment, one of her ſervants gave me a card from her, merely requeſting to ſee me. It ſurpriſed me that ſhe ſhould have diſcovered my new habitation, which I had choſen as ſuiting the ſituation of my affairs, and which I (not having named it to any of my acquaintance) believed to be perfectly unknown. I returned a note, in anſwer, ſaying, that I was ſenſible of the honour which ſhe did me; but that reaſons, which I

forbore to name, would not permit me to accept of it.

I thought I ſhould hear no more of the matter; but I deceived myſelf. The next day, a ſervant brought me a new billet; ſhort, but unequivocal. I know, ſaid ſhe, in the card, every thing which has happened to you. If theſe are your reaſons for avoiding my houſe, they are frivolous, and you do not know me. Come to me, to-morrow, at five in the evening. I requeſt it. My Swiſs has my orders, and my gate ſhall be open only to you.

I no longer did any thing without conſulting *Oſmyn*; this deference was due to him, and I ſhewed him the billet. Go, ſaid he. What riſk you? Few as theſe words are, they announce good nature and delicacy: you need not diſ-

truſt

truſt thoſe who wiſh to ſee the unfortunate. I returned, then, for anſwer, that I would obey her commands.

The day came. I had yet ſome wrecks of my former elegant dreſſes, and I deſigned to uſe the beſt of them. No decorations, ſaid *Oſmyn*, to me. Dreſs yourſelf ſimply, and decently. There is ſome greatneſs in appearing ſuch as we are. I felt he was right, and yielded to his reaſoning.

The lady received me with that frankneſs which is the reſult of true virtue. Unreſtrained by the preſence of ſociety, ſhe developed one of thoſe hearts (which are rare, it is true, but which yet are to be found) that do not revolt at the ſight of misfortune. She deſired my confidence. Yet, it was neither by a command nor a prayer; it

was by that art which we know not how to define; that inviſible aſcendency which a dignified ſoul takes, without miſtruſting itſelf, over the ſuffering mind that approaches it. I had no reſerves with her. I recounted all my life: all my faults. I thank you, ſaid ſhe, for your confidence. I do not think myſelf unworthy of it. Perhaps I ſhall have, on my part, a ſecret to confide with you; but it requires explications. To-morrow, I go into the country. I will inform you of my return, which will not be in leſs than fifteen days. In the mean time, here are an hundred louis d'ors.

As ſhe ſaw a refuſal in my firſt geſture ſhe ſaid, be not alarmed; this is not a gift; I reſpect you too much to offer one. It is a reſtitution which I am charged to make you. A reſtitution! ſaid I. I do not

not recollect. —— It may eaſily have eſcaped your memory, anſwered ſhe ſmiling: you have not, I believe, always been accuſtomed to reckon accurately with yourſelf. But, continued ſhe, with a ſerious air, I requeſt you to free me from the burden of this depoſit. I felt that obſtinacy would have juſtly offended her; and, having aſſured her that I ſhould expect her commands with impatience, I bowed, and retired.

I returned to *Oſmyn*; and informed him of what had paſſed. I was in haſte to put the hundred louis into his hands, the poſſeſſion of which was agreeable to me only as it regarded him. If this money is a reſtitution, ſaid he, you may certainly diſpoſe of it; but it may poſſibly be a mere benefaction, and I am inclined to believe ſo. The mode of conveying it was delicate and ingenious;

ous; however, do not touch it till you know its real ſource. If it does ſpring from liberality, there are people more unfortunate than we; and this ſum diſtributed among many, by the generous giver, might ſave them from deſpair: while, to us, it would only add ſuperfluity.

About the time the lady had named, I received an invitation, and waited upon her. She treated me with yet more friendſhip than before. We dined together alone. I ſtill owe you the price of your confidence, ſaid ſhe, and I will pay my debt by the ſecret which I promiſed you. I have been a widow theſe fifteen years. My inclination had nothing to do with my marriage. My huſband was a man of birth, but of reduced circumſtances. Yet, though he owed all his fortune to me, I was not happy with him.

him. Since my widowhood, every thing has conſpired to my felicity; you have been witneſs of the reſpect with which I am treated by the world. My ſociety is ſmall; it is compoſed of friends to whom I am dear; but I have no children, nor any relations, but what are at a diſtance, and unknown to me.

She was ſilent a moment, then proceeded: There are attachments which need not be explained to delicate minds, and which others do not underſtand. I would ſay, in ſhort, that I wiſh to marry; that I wiſh for a friend. I wiſh to inſure happineſs to the man, who conſtitutes mine; I wiſh him to have birth, to preſerve me in the public eſteem; I would have him young, that he may ſurvive me; above all, I would that he ſhould have ſuffered much, that the happineſs I ſhall ſee him enjoy may be my recompenſe for the good which I pretend

to

to do him. I would not have him talk of love: oaths are not for old women. Theſe are the qualities which I ſhould require in my companion. It may be difficult to meet with them, yet I know a man who unites them all. To him do I wiſh to give my hand; and this man is yourſelf.

It will be eaſy to conceive my ſurprize, at a diſcourſe which I ſo little expected. I ſtood ſome time, vainly ſeeking for expreſſions. At length, tenderneſs, friendſhip, gratitude, threw me at her feet. I could not ſpeak; but ſhe received my tears, my looks, for an anſwer.

She raiſed me with goodneſs, and made me ſit beſide her. You accept then, ſaid ſhe, the burden I would impoſe on you. Ah! it is too much, I cried. How ſhall I be worthy of it?

By

By a due uſe, ſaid ſhe, of the leſſons which providence has given you.

But you will not imagine, ſaid I, to her, that there is one to whom I ought to communicate the goodneſs with which you overwhelm me. Yet, gratitude, the moſt tender friendſhip, make this my firſt duty. Then, I recounted to her all that *Oſmyn* had done for me, from the time that I was in diſtreſs. Your delicate and juſt feeling, ſhe replied, advance you in my eſteem. She inſtantly rang a bell, and ordered one of her people to go for *Oſmyn*. When he arrived, ſhe inſiſted on his ſitting beſide us, and repeated to him all that ſhe had ſaid to me. Your friend, ſaid ſhe, to *Oſmyn*, will do nothing without conſulting you. It is juſt: your beneficence is rare, and worthy of eſteem. You have acquired the rights of a father: pronounce

nounce then. Madam, he anſwered with modeſty, this is to pay me a great price for having diſcharged an obligation which nature impoſed. She gives to each of us our part; mine at preſent is, to applaud with delight and reſpect the happineſs which you have prepared for my friend.

How noble! cried Madame *de B—*. What a leſſon for the little pride of human nature! How often do we regard, with diſdain, objects which we ought to conſider on our knees!

Oſmyn wiſhed to withdraw. She would not ſuffer it; and ſhe deſired me in his preſence to fix the day for our marriage. I repreſented to her that, for my own ſatisfaction, I wiſhed to have my papers and other documents from Marſeilles; to prove that I had not impoſed on her. Pardon me, ſaid ſhe, I have written to M. *de R—*,

R—, whom you named to me. I have already received his anſwer, and the details which I requeſted. Well, ſaid *Oſmyn* to me, was I deceived as to the reſtitution? How is that? ſaid Madame *de B*——. I related our converſation to her. It was truly a reſtitution, ſhe replied. And from whom? I ſaid. "Fortune: has ſhe not ſufficiently robbed you?" I kiſſed her hand.

In fine, every thing was agreed on which related to the marriage; and I retired, with *Oſmyn*, full of ſatisfaction, and penetrated with the felicity which an unforeſeen adventure promiſed me.

I ſaw Madame *de B*—— daily; and learned to eſteem her, more and more. Her virtues, at each inſtant, enflamed my friendſhip, and my admiration. On the firſt of January we ſigned our marriage contract, in which ſhe ſecured to me,

me, after her death, ten thouſand livres annual rent. The day of our marriage approached; and I abandoned myſelf to the moſt delightful reflections. The 7th of January was the appointed day. On the fifth, I waited upon her early in the morning (it was about nine); and was ſurpriſed to ſee her chariot at the door. Is it you? ſaid Madame *de B*——, ſit down and take ſome chocolate with me. I am going to my notary. I fear a little ambiguity in one of the articles of our marriage contract. I muſt have it cleared up. The weather is ſevere, permit me to go, ſaid I. No: ſhe replied. Theſe people have not the niceſt feelings, and he may miſtake your motive. It is better that I explain my doubt to him myſelf. I ſhall ſcarcely begone more than two hours. You dine with me? I promiſe myſelf that pleaſure, ſaid I. Ceremonious! ſaid Madame de B——

ſmiling

ſmiling. Not ſo; returned I. It is abſolutely that which you merit, and which it ſhall be my glory to render you: the tendereſt reſpect. An indeſcribable ſmile was her anſwer. She took her chocolate, and I handed her into her carriage.

It was about noon when ſhe returned. It is cruelly cold, ſaid ſhe; I am frozen. But you have been wearied I fear; and, after all, this difficulty, which alarmed me, was imaginary. I remarked that ſhe was hoarſe. I have caught a little cold, ſaid ſhe. The Notary's ſtudy was uncommonly warm. When I quitted him I went to maſs; and I felt the damp and cold ſtrike me. But it is a trifle.

I paſſed the remainder of the day with her, and ſhe converſed with her uſual chearfulneſs. In the evening, her hoarſe-

neſs

neſs was conſiderably augmented; and ſhe complained of a ſlight head-ach. She was already become ſo dear to me, that the leaſt indiſpoſitions alarmed me; and I withdrew early, preſſing her to retire to reſt. The next morning, ſhe was in a high fever, and a phyſician was called, who pronounced her to be in great danger. On the following day, the phyſician informed me that he had no hope, and that he thought it his duty to inform her of her ſituation. My reſolution inſtantly failed me; and I quitted the chamber, unable to bear the ſcene. She has received the intimation, ſaid the phyſician as he left me, with reſignation; and if the fever returns in the evening, with its uſual violence, ſhe is a loſt woman. My heart was torn by every word. This was the day which had been fixed for our union! Yet, I laboured to ſuppreſs my feelings, and returned to her bed.

bed. She took my hand, and preſſing it gently, my friend, ſaid ſhe, with a feeble voice, I have given you much trouble. I know you have ſcarce left me for a moment. You ſhall go and take ſome repoſe. In the evening, you may return again; that will oblige me. Go: you will give me pain if you remain longer without reſt.

I could not contend the matter with her, for I could not ſpeak; and I went to my apartments to give my tears, to give my anguiſh to *Oſmyn*.

I returned in the evening to Madame *de B*——'s houſe; and was informed, that, during the day, the notary had been with her. I entered her chamber. She was now without fever, and I felt ſome rays of hope till about midnight. Then, the fever returned with violence, and

and a delirium ſoon followed. This night was terrible to me. I had experienced bitter diſappointments, heavy misfortunes, but this ſeemed the moſt cruel inſtant of my life. It was not the loſs of an ample fortune which I lamented, it was not the peaceable and happy days which ſeemed within my reach that I regretted; it was the loſs of a virtuous woman, of an amiable friend, who had ſought me in misfortune, and when almoſt all the world had forſaken me.

I went out of the apartment, to give a free courſe to my tears. The whole houſe was plunged in the trueſt ſorrow; for, ſhe was beloved by all who ſurrounded her. Some hours after, the fever had ceaſed, and ſhe aſked for me. I approached her bed. She made a ſign to her attendants, and they withdrew. When ſhe perceived that we were alone, ſhe

ſhe ſaid—our ſeparation is the only thing which diſturbs my laſt moments. Your tender cares during my illneſs, have proved the value of my choice. But we muſt ſubmit to the will of God. My fortune would have been yours. Alas! I now fear you will profit little by it. I have named you in my will, but you muſt not flatter yourſelf that you will ſee it reſpected. My heirs, whom neither you nor I know, will probably diſpute with you the poor marks of my regard. Take the little caſket which you ſee on the table. It contains eighteen thouſand francs, and ſome jewels; accept this laſt offer of my friendſhip. Think ſometimes of me; but never forget your God. Adieu! my friend. Leave me: I can ſupport all, but the ſight of your tears!

She was ſilent; and made me a ſign to withdraw. I took her hand, and

ſhed my unreſtrained, my grateful tears, upon it. In a few minutes, ſhe gently drew it away from me; and, fearing too much to diſcompoſe her laſt moments, I hurried myſelf away.

Yet, I could not reſolve to leave the houſe. In the evening I ſaw her confeſſor, as he retired from her apartment. He ſaid to me: we no longer owe her any thing except the tribute of our tears.

I had given to *Oſmyn*, the caſket, the laſt marks of the goodneſs of my benefactreſs. He had carried it to my apartments, and had inſtantly returned, knowing my need of his preſence in ſuch a moment. He had brought a carriage with him; and, availing himſelf of the ſtupor into which I had fallen after the confeſſor left me, he forced

forced me into it, and led me from the mournful ſcene.

Yet, before he departed, he had time to view the inſenſibility of avarice. Scarcely had Madame *de B*—, breathed her laſt, when a man entered the houſe, accompanied by a commiſſary. He looked at me (as *Oſmyn* told me, for I knew not what paſſed) with a ſuſpicious and malignant look. With avarice in his eyes, and the ſmile of triumph on his countenance and lips, he coldly placed ſeals on the doors, in the midſt of the ſobs with which the houſe reſounded. *Oſmyn* almoſt rejoiced in my condition, which prevented my obſerving the revolting object.

Some days after, the will was read. Madame *de B*——, had left me an

hundred thouſand crowns; to her heirs, ſhe had bequeathed ſix hundred thouſand francs, and her furniture; and had ordered a hundred thouſand francs to be diſtributed among her people and a certain number of poor, whom ſhe named.

The heirs of Madame *de B*——, inſtituted a ſuit to ſet aſide the will. I felt too much reſpect for the memory of my benefactreſs not to maintain her laſt wiſhes, in every inſtance, if poſſible. I appeared and defended the cauſe; and this ſuit coſt me great part of the eighteen thouſand francs which ſhe had given me. The heirs triumphed; I loſt my legacy; and the poor were deprived of their portion. The chief of theſe heirs had an increaſe of four hundred thouſand livres.

I was

I was now ſeized with a melancholy, which reſulted from a perſuaſion that no happineſs was to be found on the earth. I felt a ſort of hatred againſt all nature. I converted the little property which was left me into government ſecurity, and reſolved, with this ſcanty pittance, to hide myſelf from all ſociety, (excepting that of my dear *Oſmyn*, whom I ſtill loved); and to wait the end of a life hitherto cruelly agitated, now ſunk into the darkeſt gloom. *Oſmyn* ſeemed not to oppoſe my thoughts; and thus paſſed ſix months without any other amuſement than that of a walk, and in which I rarely indulged myſelf.

One day I found myſelf preſſed by hunger, at a conſiderable diſtance from my lodging; and, it being the uſual hour of dining at ſuch places, I entered

an hotel, and placed myſelf at the table of an ordinary. The converſation turned upon happineſs. Each of the company varied as to the means, but all were convinced that happineſs was to be found; excepting myſelf alone. A few words of my own hiſtory, which eſcaped me before I was aware, awakened curioſity, and no longer left it in my power to refuſe the detail to the preſſing requeſt of my companions. All heard me with eager attention; all pitied my condition; but all remained in their former opinion. After reciprocal civilities the company ſeparated; I went out the laſt; and found, at the door of the hotel, an eccleſiaſtic, who had been one of the company at dinner; and who had entered but little into the converſation. He accoſted me politely, and propoſed that we ſhould take a diſh of coffee together. He was a

ſtranger,

ſtranger, but his appearance and manner inſpired me with confidence; and I conſented.

You avow yourſelf, ſaid the eccleſiaſtic, to be the irreconcilable enemy of happineſs; yet, you appear to have a feeling and virtuous mind. This is all that is requiſite to happineſs; and I would gladly lead you into the way of felicity. Pardon me for the interruption, ſaid I, but if you have any new ſcheme of fortune to propoſe to me, I cannot hear any further. Yes: ſaid he, I would propoſe a fortune which is open to all the world, which you have but to will and to poſſeſs; a fortune which never periſhes; and which alone inſures happineſs.

"You aſtoniſh me!"—"This wealth, this happpineſs, is integrity.—"In-

tegrity! I ſhould bluſh to have wanted it."—"I will ſuppoſe ſo; and what is it?"—"To fulfil all the duties, all the obligations, impoſed on us by ſociety." "You are far from it; an automaton might do as much without motives; a vicious mind, with improper motives. —"What then is it?"——"Integrity is a ſingleneſs of will and affection—A will informed only by love. That love which has no bounds within the ſcope of being. From this ſpring, preſerved pure, happineſs inevitably, invariably, flows. But in proportion as any thing extraneous mixes with it, in proportion, miſery enters with the corruption."

New light ſprang into my mind. I had thirſted for happineſs; and I now flew to ſlake my thirſt in the fountain. I need not repeat to you all the converſations which I had with this worthy eccle-

eccleſiaſtic. He never quitted me till he had conſummated his work; and I owe to him a new life! a new being!

This principle, this ſentiment, ſleeps not in a ſtate of inactivity, I burned to ſerve mankind. The countrymen of my affectionate *Cſmyn* preſented themſelves to my mind. Oh! cried I, that I could pluck their European tyrants from the throne of their cruelty! Yet, ſhall I withhold the feeble effort of my ſingle arm? No: I will haſten to inform their minds; I will fly to ſoften their calamities!

I took the ſacerdotal habit; and, keeping my eye on this object, in a few years I obtained an appointment to the ſacred office which I now fill, and in which I do find unceaſing happineſs.

Bruno having thus terminated his recital, we all preſſed upon him, to embrace him in our turns; to thank him for the pleaſure we had all received, and the inſtruction which we might draw from a life now crowned with virtue.

Otourou (who ſat cloſe beſide me, and whom I could ſcarce reſtrain in certain paſſages of the hiſtory), *Otourou* threw himſelf at the feet of the good old man. Ah, benefactor, deliverer of my father! he cried. They were the only words which could ruſh from his heart.

The following day releaſed us from priſon, and the ceremony was a ſort of triumph to us. The people attended us in crowds. They were heard to cry, Theſe are the negroes who were to have periſhed

periſhed for having defended a European! Theſe are the Europeans who did not doubt the innocence of negroes! Behold, cried *Bruno*, addreſſing himſelf to the European ſpectators.—Theſe are your brethren! Why reject you the name? Is it more painful to pronounce than that of ſlave? Deprive them not of the love you owe to all men. Love them; nature inſpires it; humanity requires it; God commands it. God, humanity, nature! Where are the pagans, the idolators, who could reſiſt their united voice? Ah, you are Chriſtians!

Some carriages had been prepared for us; and we all left the city; but I was, at firſt, ignorant whither our friends deſigned to conduct us. I ſoon diſcovered we were proceeding toward the plantation of M. *de C*——; and

Ferdinand, having placed relays of horſes on the road, we arrived there the ſame day: the unworthy overſeer had been diſmiſſed from his employment.

To find myſelf in the midſt of my friends, in the very place that had been ſo fatal to me, gave me exquiſite delight; but ſoon I thought of *Amelia*, *Dumont*; and my heart ſunk into ſorrow. This plantation, indeed, was, of all others, moſt capable of bringing to each of us ſome unhappy remembrance. To *Ferdinand*, it recalled his father. To *Honoria*, a guilty brother, whoſe unhappy death had haſtened that of her father. To *Otourou* the fatigues and anxiety which he had here endured; and I did nothing but weep in the apartment which the unfortunate *Amelia* had occupied.

I was

I was aſtoniſhed that *Ferdinand* had choſen this abode, for the ſcene of a feſtival, over which he deſigned joy alone ſhould reign. Ah! I knew not, yet, all the generoſity of a heart, whoſe days were marked by unceaſing acts of beneficence!

On the following morning, all aroſe early, except myſelf. The good *Oſmyn* entered my chamber, and informed me that our friends were aſſembled, and that breakfaſt waited for me. I found them ſitting round a tea-table, and they all roſe when I entered. We are very rude to diſturb you, thus: ſaid *Ferdinand*. ——" Rather 'tis I, who have not ſooner attended you: but a gentle ſleep overpowered me."——Or was it not, ſaid *Bruno*, that the maſter of the houſe had buſineſs which engaged him? What would you ſay, my

good

good father? I cried. The truth, replied, *Honoria*, you are here at home. This plantation is yours. This is your title; and ſhe preſented to me a deed of gift, duly executed. Ah! I cried, what do you? I have no need of riches; your love, your heart, my friends, theſe ſhall be my only wealth! Take back, take back your favour! You refuſe me then? ſaid *Ferdinand*, folding me his arms. But what have I done? ſaid I, to merit——If, replied, *Ferdinand*, if I were vile enough to put a price upon your benefactions, I could reçal them all. I would ſay that you have ſaved my life! I would ſay that you once ſaved the life of my father, would again have ſaved it! I would declare that my injuſtice had conducted you to the gates of death! I would acknowledge that *Honoria* and I have deprived you of the man who educated

you

you in the principles of truth, of your beſt friend; and of *Amelia*, of the object of your affection! I would add that your affection is ſtill an unabating zeal! Think you that ſuch things are paid by gifts? I ſhould bluſh to have imagined ſo! It is to my friend that I offer the juſt tribute of my love!

I would have anſwered. All ſurrounded me: they cloſed my mouth. *Oſmyn*, even *Otourou*, joined them. In vain did I defend myſelf. I was compelled to yield.

Well, I cried, I accept it, I accept it, with joy. The names of *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* would have been graven only my heart. Here, the air which I reſpire, every object of my ſight, will recal, without ceaſing, their dear names to me!

They

They looked as if they had gained a victory! Exalted friends! They had ſaid that it was I who was their benefactor!

I ſtood for ſome time contemplating the luxury of their feelings. Suddenly, I cried with tranſport—Am I then maſter here? I ſprang from them. I flew to the habitation of the negroes. They had already gone to labour. I ran to find them. They ſaw me; recollected me; ſurrounded me. My countrymen, my countrymen! They tell me that I am your maſter! Ah, I am your friend! *Liberty!* This ſhall be the firſt exerciſe of my power!

Inſtantly there aroſe a confuſed ſound of joy, ſighs, applauſe, benedictions. The neareſt, embraced me; thoſe further off tendered their arms to me.

What

What a ſight! Europeans if you enjoy it not, anſwer it to yourſelves!

Receive our oath---cried they. Never will we quit you. On this land will we pay our debt to you. We will render it tenfold fertile.

Come my friends, cried I. Thank your real benefactors. The generous Europeans, to whom we owe the happineſs which penetrates all our minds.

I march. They follow me. I arrive at the houſe, ſurrounded with this crowd: leſs brilliant, without doubt, than that which ſurrounds monarchs; but, ſurely, more faithful, more zealous! I call *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*. Come, ſay I, contemplate your work! I had but one heart to love you: I had but one voice to bleſs you. I have

have found an hundred to adore you: an hundred to bear witneſs to your beneficence! My friends could not ſpeak. Seized with aſtoniſhment, with joy, with pleaſure, they mingled among the negroes, they received their careſſes, they careſſed them. The names of friends, children, brethren, were laviſhed with profuſion.

God of men! cried theſe unfortunate people---give to all Europeans the goodneſs of our deliverers, and negroes will periſh for them with joy!

This happy day was indeed a feſtival for the heart. My poor negroes, crowned with flowers, paſſed it with ſongs and in dances. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* did not decline to partake of theſe pleaſures. The negroes drank to their health with the trueſt gratitude, and

and they returned this expreſſion of affection with ſincereſt truth. The good *Bruno*, the worthy old man, deigned alſo to forget his age and his condition; and yielded himſelf entirely to the general gaiety. And *Oſmyn*, *Otourou*, and I----what a ſcene for our hearts? Europe guided by humanity, and ſmiling on the virtues of Africa!

My worthy friends did not forget *Otourou* and his father. They ſecured to each an annuity for his life. This I ardently oppoſed. I was rich enough and deſigned that we ſhould make only one family. But we muſt again ſubmit to a duty, which they deemed ſacred.

They paſſed fifteen days---ſhall I ſay with me---Yes: for I cannot write the word without renewing in my heart the

the gentleſt ſenſations. They paſſed, then, fifteen days with me. *Ferdinand* informed me that he had made every arrangement for his future reſidence in France. The health of *Honoria* had been much impaired, and the phyſicians had aſſured her that a more temperate climate would probably reſtore it.

Ferdinand ſaw that this intelligence grieved me. Why afflict yourſelf? ſaid he. We ſhall only be ſeparated as much as yourſelf may wiſh. I have always hoped that you would not leave me. But if you cannot enure yourſelf to the climate or manners of Europe; or any other cauſe ſhould render it diſagreeable to you, you have here an aſylum which appertains to you, independent of any will. *Duménil* (who deſires to return to his native country with

with us) and we ſhall make but one family. Will not you make one of the family, *Itanoko?*

I will follow you over the earth, ſaid I. It needed ſuch a ſentiment as my affection for you to overcome, in a negro, the remembrance of his country. I, no longer, think of it; but I feel that, ſhould I loſe you, this abode would become odious to me. The deſire of reviſiting my country too would return with vigour. Ah, what ſhould I ſeek there! New torments; ſince it would only offer to me the aſhes of a departed father, the remembrance of a loſt lover. For *Dumont* and *Amelia* without me will never return there.

My only unhappineſs, ſaid *Ferdinand*, is to leave *Bruno* behind us. I tremble to bid him a laſt adieu. Yet his

his age, ſtill more the zeal which binds him to his duty, do not permit me to hope that he will accompany us. Ah! do not deſpair to overcome his repugnance, ſaid I. He loves us as a father.

Our venerable old friend had quitted us ſome days before: the cares of his miniſtry (which he never forgot) having called him back to the city. M. and Madame *de C——* were preparing alſo to depart: *Ferdinand* had taken the name of *de C——* at the requeſt of *Honoria*'s father. I promiſed to follow them when I ſhould have eſtabliſhed, in my plantation, the regulations that I had projected; and they left me with *Oſmyn* and *Otourou*.

The new order of things which I had deſigned to adopt had not an improvement of the eſtate for its object. A care,

care, dearer to my heart, occupied my mind. It was the condition of my poor negroes. Regarding diſcipline as the baſis of tranquillity, happineſs, and good order, I paid my firſt attention to that. I cauſed them all to be aſſembled, and I ſpoke thus to them.

My friends, I have reſtored liberty to you, and you have promiſed to ſerve me in return. I wiſh not by a ſurprize, unworthy of me and of your conduct, to abuſe the firſt emotion which gratitude cauſed in your hearts. I have not deſtroyed your chains to impoſe new ones on you. If any of you turn your eyes toward your country, let him ſpeak; let him behold me ready to conduct him thither.

A very ſhort pauſe enſued. No; was the unanimous cry. We will yet remain

remain with you. We wiſh to die in our country in our old age; but we wiſh alſo to conſecrate our youth to our deliverer.

My countrymen, I replied, I thank you for your friendſhip. Hear what I deſign for your welfare. To aboliſh all rule would be to nurture crimes. I believe you incapable of committing any, but I will ſhew myſelf inexorable to the perverſe man who ſhall be guilty of them. Yet will I not puniſh you. The puniſhment of crimes is in the hand only of the laws. Expect not, from me, an undue compaſſion which ſhall make me conceal the criminal. No: I will myſelf conduct him to the hands which are the depoſitary of public authority. Yet, again, I believe that not one of you will oblige me to employ this ſeverity.

"But

But let us quit this ſubject for one which is indiſpenſable to man. It is the order ever neceſſary in a numerous ſociety. Aſſembled as you were in this place by misfortune, retained here as you ſtill are by gratitude, henceforth united by your mutual labour, your happineſs depends on concord. You ought to love each other. It is the firſt duty of men. I will give you the example; but my friendſhip ſhall not be without diſtinctions; if you will compel me to make diſtinctions. I will give it, without reſerve, to him who ſhall exalt himſelf by his love for his brethren. It ſhall be weaker to the negro who ſhall attempt to diſturb the repoſe of this ſociety. But I ſhall, eternally, withdraw it from him who ſhall manifeſt incorrigible hatred againſt other men: even though they be Europeans. Loaden with my indignation, I will

chaſe him from this ſpot, as the invader of the general peace."

No longer ſhall any taſks be ſet in your labour. You will calculate the quantity by your ſtrength; you will execute it, by your love; and you will continue it, as reaſon ſhall dictate. If the land ſhould remain uncultivated, I could not give you cloathing and nouriſhment. Your intereſt, then, proceeds hand in hand with mine. Man is not born for idleneſs. If ſome diſſipated negro forgets this firſt law, whips ſhall not call it to his remembrance; having done nothing, he ſhall receive nothing from us. He will, therefore, have no ſupport. Then, ſhall we ſee if, compelled to tender a ſupplicating hand toward me or toward his companions to obtain ſomething for his poſitive wants, then we ſhall ſee, if he will not remember

member that it is neceſſary he ſhould labour.

I wiſh that my ſight may always inſpire confidence. I would not have your countenance teach me that you fear it. I would that friendſhip alone ſhould be viſible at my approach; for, when I mingle with you, it ſhall be to conſole you in your troubles; to ſpeak to you of mine; and to bleſs, with you, that eternal truth and wiſdom which has attached the ſatisfaction of the heart and tranquillity of the mind to an upright and exact performance of our duties: it ſhall be to liſten to your complaints, to remedy or convince you of the injuſtice of them: finally, it ſhall be to unbend myſelf from my cares (for all need indulgence) by the proofs of your attachment; and to ſoothe yours by the effuſions of my friendſhip.

Is this mode of life agreeable to you, my friends? Swear then, among yourſelves, to obſerve the order and well being of it.

Yes, we do ſwear! we do ſwear! they cried with one voice: and may he be puniſhed with ſeverity who violates his oath! It is enough, ſaid I to them Go: the reſt demands my care.

On the following morning, I aroſe before the break of day, and, going to the habitation of the negroes, I ordered the commander to aſſume his uſual functions, and to purſue exactly the practice to which he had been accuſtomed during the time that the management of the plantation had been under the direction of the overſeer. I wiſhed, now, that my mind was ſomewhat at liberty to give a ſcope to its obſer-

obſervation, to judge myſelf of the ſyſtem which has been adopted for the government of the negroes.

The hour of labour having arrived, ſleep was ſoon baniſhed from the habitation by the frightful noiſe of enormous whips. In a ſhort time, I beheld the poor negroes, almoſt naked, and with their eyes half opened, crawling out of this humble dwelling, in which the magic of dreams ſometimes conſoled them for the injuſtice of men. Scarcely yet aſſured of the truth of what they had heard and ſeen reſpecting their liberty, in ſhort, almoſt believing the whole to be a delirium, I ſaw the impreſſion of peace ſlowly vaniſh from their countenance; and an idea of the continuation of their wretchedneſs, by degrees, ariſing to conviction.

And now I learned that five hours ſevere labour muſt precede their firſt refreſhment. And they are men, ſaid I, who have dictated ſuch laws to men like themſelves? Are there then two ſpecies of men?

As ſoon as all the negroes were aſſembled, I took the unworthy whips, and tearing them into a thouſand pieces, I trod them under my feet; my unhappy countrymen gave a ſhout of joy; and, with one voice, one heart, praiſed the God of the univerſe for this confirmation of their liberty and happineſs; and thus (too ſeldom the caſe) was the name of the Creator heard in this land unſullied by a ſigh or tear.

I cauſed a cordial to be given to each of them; a precaution that intereſt, at leaſt, ſhould take in the abſence of

of humanity; to preſerve them from the conſequences of their exceſſive perſpiration, and the heat of the ſun: a principal cauſe of the frequent maladies of theſe poor people. I aſſured them that they ſhould, each morning, receive the ſame refreſhment; and that, henceforth, the ſound of a bell ſhould be the ſignal of their riſing to labour.

We afterwards proceeded to the employment of the day; and the commander, according to his uſual practice, aſſigned to each his taſk. My friends, ſaid I, will you oblige me by labouring a ſhort time as you have been accuſtomed to do? The moment I made the requeſt, one of them began a ſong (2); and all of them inſtantly ſtooped to the ground, and applied themſelves to their labour with vigour. This ſong will continue till the hour of

their taking their food, ſaid the commander to me, and during that time no one dares to raiſe his head. I obſerved that they laboured with their faces to the ſun, whoſe increaſing heat could not fail greatly to oppreſs them. If a European were in my place, ſaid I, to the commander, you would not dare to change their poſition? No, he anſwered; the work muſt be executed preciſely as it is ordered. Suppoſe, however, ſaid I, you were to make the alteration, what would be the conſequence to yourſelf? "Probably, fifty ſtrokes of the whip."——"Would it be injurious to the proprietor were theſe people to begin their work at the other end of the ground?"——"No: it would be the ſame thing."

Oh, Europeans, does your barbarity thus pervade all! Does it extend

tend even to the moſt indifferent things!

Still, they continued to labour with incredible activity. One of them ceaſed a moment from his work. By the violent manner in which the humid drops ruſhed from his pores, and by the working of his breaſt and ſides, I imagined that fatigue had compelled him to take breath.—You ſee that poor man, ſaid I, to the commander.—What do your inſtructions inform you to do with him? To go, ſaid he, and remind him of his labour by a dozen ſtrokes of the horſe-whip. What, ſaid I, without enquiring into the cauſe of his ceaſing to work? He ſtands ſtill, replied the commander; that is ſufficient.

I approached the negro. Alas, the unfortunate man had been ſo long ac-

cuſtomed to the mandates of oppreſſion, that, forgetting his preſent condition, without ſpeaking to me, he lowered his timid head, and ſeemed to await the puniſhment which he fancied hung over him. Friend, ſaid I, why have you not continued your labour? He ſhewed me an enormous thorn which had penetrated his foot, almoſt to the bone. Tears, in deſpight of my efforts, ſprang into my eye. And this, cried I, is a crime which Europeans deem worthy of puniſhment?

I had dwelt long enough on this ſcene; and, interrupting the labour, I placed the negroes in a ſituation where they ſuffered leſs from the ſcorching rays of the ſun. I wiſh for no taſks, ſaid I to them. Let each of you, my friends, perform as much as is ſuitable to his ſtrength; and let each reſt as his

wearineſs ſhall require. Forget not that you are no longer ſlaves.

Their uſual refreſhment was now brought them. It conſiſted of ſome boiled fruits of the bana'na, and mouldy biſcuits. Have they no other proviſion than this? ſaid I. Very rarely, anſwered the commander; but, ſometimes, we give them a little dry rancid cod, or a little damaged beef, the refuſe of ſhip ſtores, which are bought at an inferior price. I caſt away this infamous meal; and diſtributed among them more wholeſome aliments which I had taken care to provide: for I knew the neceſſity.

They afterwards returned to their labour; but as freemen. They ceaſed, at the uſual hour in the evening, with leſs fatigue, although they had per-

formed much more than the common work of the day. And why? It was becauſe the ſoul had reſumed part of her energy. In chains the ſoul languiſhes, and the body becomes enervated.

Nations of Europe! Dogs have divided with you the glory of your conqueſts in America. You have been ungrateful to them; and relied too little on their powers; or, to them, you would have confided the culture of your new countries. They would have ſerved you better than negroes. The weakeſt of animals is man enſlaved!

My friends returned from the field with ſongs of triumph and joy. A European would ſcarcely have believed they were negroes in the American iſles.

iſles. He would have been deluded, for a moment, with the picture, which he had often ſeen in his own happy country, of the contented reaper, the joyful vine gatherer returning to the peaceful home, where repoſe and happineſs waited his arrival.

Meanwhile, report had ſpread theſe occurrences to a conſiderable diſtance, and I ſaw a number of negroes, who had formerly deſerted from this plantation, return to place themſelves under my protection. Of ſome of theſe I enquired into the cauſes which had induced them to eſcape. The firſt that anſwered me was an old negro. One day, ſaid he, after the uſual hour of repaſt, I was ſurpriſed by ſleep, under the ſhade of a tree; and did not hear the ſignal given for us to reſume our labour: I was awakened by violent ſtrokes

ſtrokes of a horſe whip, which lacerated my body to ſuch a degree that, in my agony, an involuntary cry eſcaped me. The overſeer, who was preſent, ſaid--- Has the wretch the audacity to complain? I mildly anſwered, no ſir: my pain forced me to cry out, in ſpite of myſelf. This anſwer was conſidered as a ſcandalous outrage. The next day, I was puniſhed with an hundred laſhes of the whip; and, as I had not the happineſs to die as I vainly hoped, I preferred a flight into the mountains---where, at leaſt, death would not be attended with ſuch ſufferings.

A female negro informed me that ſhe had been employed as a domeſtic in the houſe of the overſeer. One day, continued ſhe, that I was in the apartment of the overſeer's lady, ſhe let her handkerchief fall on the ground. My back was turned to her. The fall

fall of an handkerchief does not make much noiſe; and, as I did not hear it, ſhe was reduced to the fatigue of opening her mouth to call me. As a puniſhment for my fault, ſhe gave me ten ſevere laſhes. One of theſe blows wounded my breaſt. At that time, I ſuckled my infant, but my milk left me, and my child waſted: it was not my fault. Madam, the overſeer's lady, perceived it, and told me, that ſhould my child continue to fall away ſhe would puniſh me with laſhes in proportion. If that would have made my infant thrive I ſhould have taken them patiently, but I had nothing to give him, and he continued waſting every day. The firſt time I received twenty laſhes; and fifty at the ſecond: but my child became ſtill more meagre, and that grieved me ſadly. I reſolved to leave him and take to flight; for I thought, when I ſhould be

be gone, they would give the infant to another woman to ſuckle, and that he would thrive again: and ſo I ran away.

I found, by each of their ſtories, that they had all much the ſame cauſe for taking their flight. I enquired of the commander what puniſhment was inflicted on ſuch negroes as deſert. The firſt time, he anſwered, the proprietor orders the deſerter to be flogged according to his pleaſure; the ſecond time, they increaſe the number of laſhes, and beſide faſten a heavy iron collar round his neck, to which is fixed horizontally a long bar, alſo of iron, which prevents him from penetrating among the trees; and this burden he is condemned to carry for life. If he deſerts the third time, he dies.

But,

But, replied I, if I have not miſtaken that which the Europeans call the Black Code, they are forbidden to put a negro who ſhall deſert to death. That is true, anſwered he with an arch ſmile; the negro dies, but they do not put him to death; for they do not kill him at once: he only dies in conſequence of his puniſhment. They give him ſo many laſhes to-day, ſo many to-morrow, and ſo many the day after. If the negro dies, it is not the European's fault that he had not ſtrength to ſupport a thouſand, or ten thouſand laſhes.

Ah Europeans! you indulge in the luxuries which the American iſlands produce, without ſuſpecting that theſe luxuries have precipitated generations of men to the tomb! With exacteſt truth may it be ſaid, that not a berry of coffee, not an ounce of ſugar or indigo,

digo, is exported from the iſlands which does not coſt a drop of ſome negro's blood! Alas, think you of the calculation!

How! if an handkerchief falls by the careleſſneſs of a European lady, may a negroeſs therefore be laſhed to death! What then ſhall reſult when negroes commit real crimes? What? when ſevereſt puniſhments have been the conſequence of a negro's misfortune in breaking a china cup, or his aukwardneſs in dreſſing the head of a European? (3)

I pardoned all the deſerters; if I could pardon thoſe who had committed no crime. Nor had I among the whole number any more faithful, more induſtrious than thoſe.

Another

Another object intereſted me ſtrongly. I interrogated the negroes ſeparately concerning their faith. There was not one who did not anſwer that he was a Chriſtian; but when I demanded what they underſtood by the word, I found them all in the profoundeſt ignorance. Such as they had been in Africa, ſuch did I ſtill behold them among an enlightened people. Yet it is deemed a ſufficient compenſation for the ſufferings of theſe unhappy people that they are ſaved from error.——Saved from error! Of what importance is the name of Chriſtian to them, if they are not taught the virtues of Chriſtianity? And how ſhall they acquire them? By inſtruction and example. Inſtruction! they receive none. Example! you know, Europeans, that which you give them!

I engaged

I engaged a well informed and virtuous eccleſiaſtic to dwell with me; and dedicate his labours to the inſtruction of the negroes. As purity of manners facilitates the intelligence of the mind, I turned my whole attention to their conduct; and I ſoon ſaw concord, attachment to duties, and, in fine, happineſs, reigning around me.

Otouron and his father zealouſly ſeconded my endeavours. I enjoyed the happy fruits of my labour; and was as a father ſurrounded by an immenſe family, who counts his hours by the love of his children. What could be wanting to my felicity? Alas, you who have loved, you will eaſily imagine. I frequently painted to myſelf *Amelia*, unfortunate, wandering, perhaps dead. I repreſented her father deprived of his daughter

daughter in his old age, regretting the death from which he had formerly fled upon the coaſt of Africa !

Such was the cauſe which poiſoned the happineſs of the moſt valuable days which I had paſſed from the moment of my birth.

One day that I had retired after dinner to take ſome repoſe (agreeable to the uſage of warm countries) the idea of *Amelia* preſented itſelf to me with ſuch ſtrength that I could not ſleep. It purſued me more importunately than ever. I accuſed myſelf of ingratitude. Did ſhe not, ſaid I to myſelf, quit every thing to ſeek me ? Was I not in fact a ſtranger to her father ? And what was there which could prevent his flying to my ſuccour ? And I—an unfaithful friend, an unfeeling lover—

have

have not I, during ſix months, remained in opulence without an effort to diſcover them! Have I thus, then, repaid their cares, their fatigues, their ſacrifices? But where to ſeek them? I have no clue to direct my ſteps. What then? ſtill, ought I to depart: my heart tells me ſo, and it has never deceived me.

I applauded the reſolution; and I was reviewing, in my own mind, the probable means of executing it, when a domeſtic came to inform me that a man had arrived from the city and earneſtly preſſed to ſee me. I ordered him to be conducted to me, and he ſoon entered my apartment.

Sir, ſaid he, may I take the liberty to enquire if you have not in your houſe a negro of the name of *Otourou*? Yes, I anſwered.

I answered. He is one of my friends. My commission, returned the stranger, is of a delicate nature. I am not ignorant of your consequence here, and I have been very unwilling to do any thing which would be disagreeable to you. I have relied on your honour; and, although my orders are extremely peremptory, I have presented myself alone to execute them.

To the matter, said I, with inquietude. I have, said he, the express order of the king to secure the person of *Otouron*.

The word was thunder to me. *Otouron!* Ah, what has he done? I cried with agony. The stranger said, I am entirely ignorant.——"And whither do you mean to conduct him?"—"To France; to Paris. Such are my orders."—"But, Sir, *Otourou* is no slave; and

and he is rather under the protection of the king of France than his ſubject. It was his own free will which led him to this iſland, and my houſe ought to be reſpected as his ſacred aſylum."— "Pardon me, I cannot enter into diſcuſſions. I have my orders, and I muſt obey them."——"What under my eyes?"——"I feel, perfectly, that it will be eaſy for you to oppoſe the execution of my orders. But conſider all the dangerous conſequence of ſuch a conduct."

While he ſpoke to me, I ſought ſome means of amuſing him and gaining time to remove *Otourou* from the danger. The door opened, and *Otourou* entered my apartment. I could not maſter an emotion of terror; and it clearly pointed out to the officer the very thing I would have concealed.

You

You are the perſon, ſaid the officer, of whom I am in ſearch. *Otourou*, I arreſt you in the name of the king.

Otourou looked at me, but without emotion. I threw my arms round him, without the power of a word. A negro, who was entering the room with *Otourou*, ran to inform his father of the inexplicable affair. *Oſmyn* haſtened to us.

Your ſon!——cried I—but be the conſequence what it may, I will not ſuffer him to be torn from me! Sir, I ſaid to the officer, I have an hundred negroes: they will each of them periſh ſooner——

A moment's attention, ſaid *Oſmyn* interrupting me: be ſo good, he continued addreſſing himſelf to the officer, as to acquaint me with the buſineſs. The

officer repeated the whole affair, and when he had finiſhed, *Oſmyn* turned with a ſevere air to his ſon. *Otourou*, ſaid he, you are a negro: be not guilty of a falſehood. You have travelled through part of France: does your recollection reproach you with any crime? It is your father who queſtions you. None, replied *Otourou*, with firmneſs.

I am proud of it, ſaid *Oſmyn*. Sir, I am his father: he ſhall follow you. I lay my command on him.

What! cried I with bitterneſs, will you ſuffer it?

Shall we tremble for innocence? replied *Oſmyn*. I have but one uneaſineſs. I cannot follow him. That care, anſwered I eagerly, concerns me. If he muſt periſh, be it ſo. I will periſh with him.

You

You have, I hope, no ſuch misfortune to fear, ſaid the officer. But my veſſel waits and we muſt depart, Your affairs, the recommendations which it is neceſſary you ſhould procure, will not permit you to accompany us. Yet, be ſatisfied that he ſhall want no attentions of mine to render his ſituation as little painful as it can be. And, although I ſcarcely am permitted to give you the intimation, I inform you that it is to Vincennes I conduct him. When you arrive at Paris, come to me; this is my addreſs; and I will facilitate the means of your ſpeaking with your friend.

I felt that the reaſoning of the officer was juſt; and that even *Otourou*'s intereſt would not permit me to depart in leſs than two or three days. I ran to my cheſt, took out two hundred louis d'ors, and gave them to *Otourou*. Go:

ſaid I. Heaven will protect us. You ſhall not be long at Paris before *Itanoko*. Ah, my friend! be without inquietude.

Inquietude, ſaid *Otourou* ſmiling: I know of none.

I aſſembled in haſte the little effects that might be uſeful to him. The officer urged us to haſten a ſeparation which only became more cruel by delaying the moment of it. Diſmayed, almoſt frantic, I threw myſelf into the arms of *Otourou*. You ſuffer, ſaid he to me: what has become of your courage? Firmneſs ſhould always accompany purity of heart.

I yielded my place to his father. He approached with a collected look. He took the hand of his ſon; and fixing his eyes upon him,—You have not deceived me

me, ſaid he. No, my father: replied *Otourou*. Go then, ſaid *Oſmyn*, I perhaps ſhall never ſee you more. I give you my bleſſing. Whatever may happen, live and die an honeſt man. He embraced him without ſhedding a tear.

I was far from imitating this conſtancy of mind. In pity to me, *Oſmyn* and the officer forced *Otourou* from my arms. They placed him in a carriage, and he departed.

What a ſtroke! It was ſo much more terrifying; as, ſince the iſſue of our laſt misfortune, I had believed *Otourou*, as well as myſelf, ſecure from any ſuch oppreſſion. I was without doubt reſpecting *Otourou*'s innocence, but I began to have an idea of the manners of Europe, of France eſpecially. Of what imprudencies was not an unfortunate

ſtranger ſuſceptible, who like him had no guide but his reaſon, and the voice of nature? Might not his virtuous mind lead him into ſome act, while he remained in France, which might be deemed a crime in the eyes of a poliſhed nation?

Thus I waſted an hour in vain conjecture, in paſſionate agitation; and, at length, arrived at the reſolution I ſhould at firſt have taken—to fly, inſtantly, to M. and Madame *de C*——, to procure their recommendations; and to embark for Europe.

I called *Oſmyn*; I go: ſaid I to him. You cannot accompany you ſon, and to me alone devolves the right of fulfilling toward him the duties of a father, and a friend. Govern my little republic in my abſence. I cannot leave, to our poor

poor countrymen, any one who will be ſo dear to them, as yourſelf.

I had given my orders, and my carriage was now ready with every thing I deſigned to take with me. I cauſed the negroes to be aſſembled. My friends, ſaid I to them, my concerns compel me to make a long voyage; but I leave *Oſmyn* with you. Remember me ſometimes; and, if I am dear to you, love him as myſelf.

I then took *Oſmyn* in my arms. Who could have foreſeen, ſaid I to him, that we ſhould have been ſo ſoon ſeparated? Yet be tranquil: my friend I will return with your ſon, or I will ceaſe to live. I embraced him; ſprang into my carriage; and departed: while the negroes heaped bleſſings on me. Happy pre-

ſage! cried I. God muſt be ſenſible to the wiſhes of pure minds!

I travelled with ſuch diligence, that in ſix hours I was with my friends. What new misfortune? cried *Ferdinand*, repeated *Honoria*, both terrifyed by my air. I acquainted them, in two words; and informed them of my reſolution. They ſent to requeſt the preſence of *Bruno*; and, the good old man having come, we all eſſayed to diſcover whence ſo unforeſeen a misfortune could ariſe; and, ſuch is the effect of prejudice, that *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* could ſcarcely perſuade themſelves that *Otourou* had not given ſome cauſe of complaint while he reſided in France. Ah, my friends! ſaid I, fear to outrage virtue by an injurious ſuſpicion!

We

We converſed, afterwards, on the means which ought to be purſued. M. and Madame *de C*—— counſelled me to defer my departure for a few days. Their affairs in the iſland were nearly terminated; and, in leſs than a fortnight, they expected to embark for Europe. *Ferdinand* promiſed to haſten his departure, and repreſented to me how proper it was that I ſhould enter a country, unknown to me, with ſuch an object to accompliſh, accompained by powerful friends; in fine, the weight that his preſence would give to his recommendations.

This might be prudent, replied *Bruno*, if we knew the nature of *Otourou*'s ſituation; but, in our uncertainty, a few days may be fatal to him. You know *Otourou*, his inconceivable frankneſs, that kind of ſtoiciſm which permits him

not to bend to his oppreſſors, and his indifference as to his fate, when he ſees himſelf tormented by injuſtice: with this character, if we leave him to his enemies he is loſt; and that he has enemies this event declares. At leaſt, *Itanoko* will counſel him. He will temper the inflexible ſeverity of *Otourou*'s anſwers. He will ſee your friends. He will announce, to them, your approaching arrival; and they will be the leſs liable to neglect an object in the purſuit of which they find you will be ſoon perſonally engaged. I have ſtudied *Otourou*: the farther he finds himſelf removed from any ſtain, the more will he himſelf increaſe his own danger. Ah! leave him not to be entangled in the ſnares of injuſtice!

The advice of *Bruno* was a law to us; and we heard him with entire ſubmiſſion. *Ferdinand* ran to the port. They pointed

pointed out to him a Bourdeaux veſſel which was expected to ſail the following day. He enquired if there were no other veſſel ready. They informed him that a ſmall veſſel had that inſtant weighed anchor for Nantz; but that it would be impoſſible to ſave a paſſage in her.

He did not doubt but it was that in which the officer had embarked with *Otourou*. *Ferdinand* could do no better; and took my paſſage in the Bourdeaux veſſel.

My friends employed the time which preceded my departure to prepare their letters of recommendation. *Bruno* gave me one to the worthy eccleſiaſtic, of whom he had ſpoken when he related the events of his life. He has powerful friends, ſaid *Bruno* to me, an informed

mind, and a zealous heart: place your confidence in him. *Ferdinand*, who knew the world better than I, and who knew that gold is neceſſary even to innocence, added an unlimited letter of credit on his banker; compelled me to accept it; and promiſed to follow me ſpeedily to France.

Dumênil, whom I had not yet ſeen, entered. I was about to ſeek you, ſaid I, to bid you farewell; and I explained to him the ſubject of my abrupt departure. He pauſed a moment; then ſaid to my friends, alone! In France where he has never been! He will be cruelly embarraſſed! Why may not I, my dear *Ferdinand*, as I deſigned to have embarked with you, haſten my departure and ſail with *Itanoko?* I will immediately prepare my papers and the neceſſaries for my voyage and leave to your care

care the reſt of the property I deſign to convey to Europe.

His friendly reſolution was applauded by all; and I felt it pour an unlooked for comfort into my heart. I ſhould now be bleſſed with the company of a man, who accuſtomed to European manners would level difficulties that I ſhould find inſurmountable; and a boſom in which I could depoſit my tears, my anxieties, my alarms.

At midnight, our friends conducted *Duménil* and I to the ſhip. They embraced us tenderly. They recommended me to moderate a ſenſibility which might injure my health, and that warmth of mind which, in France, might act contrary to the intereſts of the unfortunate *Otourou*; and we ſeparated with the flattering hope of ſoon meeting again.

Our

Our voyage was fortunate and ſpeedy; and *Duménil*, to ſatisfy the eagerneſs of my wiſhes, bought a carriage in which we poſted to Paris without a moment's ſtay at Bourdeaux.

A crowd of objects, which, in this journey, in a different temper of mind, would have ſo ſtrongly intereſted my curioſity, almoſt all eſcaped my attention; and would altogether, had in not been for *Duménil* who compelled me to admire the opulence of the country, the magnificence of the cities, and the wonderful vivacity of the people. He would not ſuffer me to paſs the banks of the Loire without noticing the prodigious aſſemblage of antique ſimplicity, and modern pomp. There we ſaw the proud palace and the modeſt cottage approach each other, without jealouſy. There we beheld the peaceful ſhepherd abandoning himſelf to a tender and inno-

cent

cent flame, at the feet of monuments on which were engraven the follies of kings.

We arrived at Paris. I flew, at once, to the officer who had given me his addreſs. I found him; he had arrived but four hours before us. He ſpoke to me of my friend. *Otourou* had betrayed, he informed me, no ſorrow during the voyage; but had always ſpoken with the tranquillity of an undiſturb mind, and with a proud indifference for the opinions of men. I recogniſed the character of *Otourou*. I then recalled to the officer's memory the promiſe he had given me to conduct me to my friend. That does not altogether depend on me, he anſwered; but prepare a memorial and I will procure it to be preſented to the miniſter; and, I do not doubt but he will grant the permiſſion you require.

I was

I was compelled, then, to moderate my impatience; and I began to experience the fatal delays of form. The officer humanely endeavoured to calm my mind by aſſuring me my friend was well; and that if there was any thing which I judged might leſſen the inconvenience of his ſituation, he would be in haſte to procure it for him.

Acquaint him of my arrival, ſhould I; that will, at leaſt, be ſome comfort to him. The officer promiſed to oblige me; and I, informed of European cuſtoms in this reſpect by *Duménil*, left a rouleau of five and twenty guineas on his chimney, as a reward for his care of *Otourou*.

Duménil and I afterwards viſited all thoſe to whom *Ferdinand*'s letters of recommendation were addreſſed; and we were obliged to detail to each all the reaſons

ſons which led us to claim their protection. Their politeneſs did not aſtoniſh me: I looked for it. But the character of the French ſurprized me at each inſtant. I ſaw them give a vague kind of attention, and even that interrupted by meereſt trifles, to a recital which, I imagined, ought to have entered into their ſouls. In this place, the arrival of a head-dreſs would not permit our patrons to hear any thing further at that time. In another, a party to the theatre accidentally compelled them to poſtpone our audience to a future day. Here, chocolate was offered us in the moſt impaſſioned moment of our narration. There, the awkwardneſs of a lacquey rouzed, by the fall of a little porcelaine, the ſenſibility of the maſter who had coldly liſtened to us. Were we ready to quit them, we were then, overwhelmed with vows, promiſes, proteſtations, aſſurances.

We

We reſerved our viſit to the friend of *Bruno* for our laſt. With him, we found modeſt ſimplicity, tender intereſt, and prudence matured by years. He could not repreſs ſome gentle tears at the name of *Bruno*. Is he happy? ſaid he. Yes: we anſwered, happy in the enthuſiaſm of a feeling mind, and in the exerciſe of univerſal benevolence. It is well; returned the venerable eccleſiaſtic. He enjoys the reward which I promiſed to the exerciſe of his virtue.

He now turned his attention to our immediate buſineſs. He ſpoke to us, alike without pride or meaneſs, of the powerful perſons whom he reckoned among his friends. Too wiſe to talk of the certainty of a ſucceſs which depended on the judgment of men, he confined himſelf to aſſurances of his aſſiduities, which he promiſed without affectation.

He

He requeſted a memorial from us. He undertook to deliver it himſelf to the miniſter; and to ſtrengthen it by the intereſt of perſons of the firſt rank.

Notwithſtanding the hope which this invaluable patronage gave me, my mind was harraſſed with delays that to me were inconceivable. A ſavage, as I might yet call myſelf, I had no comprehenſion why the truth ſhould be envelopped in ſuch numerous veils, or why men ſhould be ſo tardy to remove them? Next to the deſire of ſeeing *Otourou*, I was moſt tormented by my ignorance reſpecting his accuſer and the crime with which he was charged. Why, ſaid I, ſhould not theſe be as conſpicuous as the burning ſun? Yet is all hid in darkeſt obſcurity! I muſt wait with patience (if patience can viſit ſuch a mind as mine, in ſuch a ſituation) till time

time ſhall give me the information which I cannot otherwiſe procure.

In a few days I received a letter from the officer which announced to me a permiſſion to ſee *Otourou:* but in his preſence. *Duménil* had gone with the eccleſiaſtic to the court which was then at Fontainbleau. I was alone then. I flung myſelf into a carriage. I haſtened to the officer's dwelling, and we were ſoon at Vincennes, where the gates were open to us. I flew into the arms of *Otourou.* Neither of us could ſpeak. Our feelings during ſome moments impoſed ſilence on us.

Otourou was the firſt to find words. What anguiſh do I not coſt you? And my father—Is not my father with you?

I informed him of all: of the time of our arrival, the delays we experienced,

rienced, the hope we entertained. Afterwards I led him, deſignedly, into a converſation on the period in which he had travelled in France with *Dumont*. He detailed this journey to us with his uſual frankneſs; omitting not the ſmalleſt circumſtance.

The officer, who ſaw my motive, ſaid — I have no degree of certainty, but I believe that the facts of which *Otourou* is accuſed are of a later date, and have happened in the Iſles. Ah then! I cried, again I breathe! His innocence, there, is within the reach of proof.

We paſſed four hours with *Otourou*. Well as I knew him, I was compelled to view him with new admiration. The terror of the place, in which he was, moved him not. My preſence had even produced

produced the gaiety it was always wont to do; and, far from my being obliged to ſolace him, he was compelled to be my conſolation.

At length, the officer informed me that his duty compelled him to retire; and *Otourou* and I embraced and ſeparated.

I returned to Paris, and fled to the houſe of the Abbé *de S***, (that was the name of *Bruno*'s friend); he had arrived from Fontainbleau with *Duménil*. Ah! I demanded, what ſucceſs? What have you learned? My worthy *Itanoko*, anſwered the Abbé *de S***, be patient, alarm not yourſelf; yet, this buſineſs is involved in more difficulty than I expected, and I fear it will conſume much time. How! I cried with diſmay. Come, ſaid he, we will have no deſpair.

We

We ſhall yet ſee a happy iſſue to all. But your unfortunate friend muſt, in the mean time, endure much; and this cauſes me great inquietude.

The miniſter received us, continued the Abbé *de S***, with goodneſs; and, in reſpect to my age, inſtantly examined the ſubject of our memorial. The liberty of the perſon in queſtion, ſaid he to us, is not in my power. The crime is of too enormous a nature. He is charged with a rape.

Impoſſible! I cried. I believe as you, returned the Abbé *de S***, that it is impoſſible: but attend to me. My lord, I ſaid to the miniſter, the manners of this young negro are well known. He is no ſlave; and if you knew the circumſtances of his life you would agree that no one is more worthy of your ſervices. Pardon me the obſervation, replied the miniſter, but

but it is not poſſible that your candour has been deceived? The memorial which has been preſented to me perhaps might be ſufficient to convince you; but it is accompanied by documents that include ſuch proofs as are unqueſtionable. The woman herſelf complains, in her own hand writing, of the unworthy raviſher. You feel, continued the miniſter, that after this I could not refuſe the interference of authority: however, as you intereſt yourſelf in the fate of this young man, ſee the banker *de L*— (he preſented the memorial to me) and endeavour to ſuppreſs this affair before it comes into the courts of juſtice. Let the banker be contented and I will reſtore the young man to liberty. You will ſee that this is all I can do for you.

Ever ſurrounded with obſcurity! Ever entangled with obſtacles! I cried with bitterneſs.

Our

Our impatience is uſeleſs, ſaid the Abbé *de S***. Here is the banker's addreſs. Viſit him to-morrow. All depends on his explications.

I looked at the addreſs. The circumſtance is ſurpriſing, I ſaid: this is the ſame banker on whom *Ferdinand* has given me his letter of credit. And fortunately ſo; ſaid the Abbé *de S***. It is already a happy commencement of your connection. Adieu! I muſt retire to reſt; but I will expect you both to-morrow. You ſhall dine with a youth who is my nephew: he has viſited the iſles, and may be able to amuſe you. *Duménil* and I took our leave, for the night, of the worthy eccleſiaſtic.

It was impoſſible for me to ſleep. Dreadful condition of humanity! ſaid I.

Vices have ſo diſguiſed themſelves as to compel the laws to trouble the peace of innocence! Yet we deſire to live with theſe men! We ſeek their ſociety! Ah! let us fly them!

In proportion as the night advanced ſo did my agitations increaſe. Fain would I have deſtroyed the unhappy tendency of my thoughts. *Otourou*, ſaid I, is not ſullied by being ſuſpected; and has not Providence drawn us both from a labyrinth yet more dark, more terribly involved than this? And do I now doubt his aſſiſtance? His protection is not like that of men, ſubject to caprice, to time, to circumſtances.

Such were the weapons which my reaſon oppoſed to my heart. But this indefinable heart combatted with yet more

more violence than reaſon. I could not ſubdue it: I could no longer reſiſt it: I ſprang out of my bed.

Inconceivable circumſtances! cried I: explain yourſelves, and finiſh my torture!

In the morning, I found *Duménil* indiſpoſed with fatigues and vexation; and I was compelled to proceed to the banker's without his company. I aſked the porter if his maſter could yet be ſeen. He anſwered coarſely that he was not at home.——"And when will he return?"---"I know nothing of it. He is in the country."——"Well, but I wiſh to ſpeak to him."——"You are not ſingular. Every body wants to ſpeak to him."——"My buſineſs is urgent."——"Well! He is not here."——"But is there no one to whom I

can addreſs myſelf? Does your maſter confide in no perſon of his houſe?"--- "Yes: his caſhier."—"It is fortunate: conduct me to him."—"He has been in Brittany theſe eight days." —"And when does he return?"— "To-morrow night: ſo, if you will wait, you may ſee him."—"Wait! ----Wait!----But ſhall I be ſure!"— "Yes: he will be here to-morrow evening at five: certainly."

Duménil was ſurpriſed to ſee me return ſo ſoon. I recounted to him what had paſſed. He exhorted me to be patient. Such is Paris, ſaid he. The moſt preſſing buſineſs languiſhes there. It is a world, in which you never encounter thoſe whom you want.

Duménil would now accompany me to the Abbé *de S***; we proceeded to

to his houſe; and I informed him alſo of my bitter diſappointment. I feel your ſufferings, ſaid he; but what can be done? To-morrow, you will be more fortunate. This caſhier muſt know ſomething. The banker cannot be abſent without confiding his concerns to him. Courage, then; and a truce to vexations! Come: let me enjoy without mixture the pleaſure which I promiſe myſelf in ſeeing you, for the firſt time, at my table. My nephew writes a letter in my library. He will ſoon have finiſhed, and I will introduce him to you.

In a little time the abbé ſent to ſee if his nephew was ready; and we ſaw him appear with the meſſenger.

Oh thou firſt ray of happineſs which pervaded the darkeſt gloom of my life! ah! never fade from my memory!

I raiſed my eyes to the young man. ——Ah, my God! I cried. But I had not power to move. He recollected me; and eagerly flew to embrace me. ——It was the youth who had been equerry to *Theodore*. *Itanoko!* he exclaimed. Does *Itanoko* live? Alas! Have I not injured you? Ah, I have too readily believed appearances, in oppoſition to the virtue of a man!

The Abbé *de S***, to whom I had related my adventures, ſpeedily recogniſed in his nephew, the man who had aided my flight when my life was threatened by *Theodore*. While I had recounted my hiſtory to him, my reſpect for *Honoria* had made me conceal the name of her brother.

But how came it, ſaid I to this young man (whoſe name was *Francis*) that you were ſo ſuddenly ſnatched from my affection

affection and gratitude. Twenty times have I made enquiries concerning you, yet learnt not any thing of your fate. Alas, he anſwered, humanity called me away. Dreading the ſight of *Honoria*'s tears, deteſting a place which preſented nothing to me but the goring blood of the victims of vice, ſhall I alſo confeſs-----yielding to the general prejudice againſt you; in fine, informed that the unfortunate object, who, in the midſt of this ſcene of horror, ſeemed the only one that ought to intereſt my feelings, was in a place of ſecurity, I departed to join her. I travelled into the Spaniſh territory to which I had directed her flight, and ſoon found her. I promiſed her (it was all I had to promiſe) my unwearied cares, and the goodneſs of my uncle, to protect her till we ſhould gain intelligence of her father. We embarked for Europe. Flying from a country

whoſe remembrance wounded our hearts, we arrived at Paris, where the beneficence of my uncle fulfilled the hope I had entertained in behalf of an object at once demanding my eſteem and pity.

Ah! of whom do you ſpeak? I cried. How then, anſwered *Francis*, have you forgot the crimes of *Theodore*? His odious paſſion——The woman whom——

Every word beſide was loſt to me. I would have pronounced the name of *Amelia*. It expired on my lips. I trembled. The good abbé and his nephew ſupported me. I had need of their aid, for my ſtrength abandoned me.

The worthy eccleſiaſtic haſtened to temper the violence of one ſentiment by the remembrance of another. He took

took my hand, and ſaid with gentleneſs to me, indeed I do not now recogniſe *Itanoko*. You who have ſupported ſuch fearful changes of fortune, have you not now courage to withſtand the firſt emotions of joy? Do you thus abandon yourſelf? What then will become of the unfortunate *Otourou?* Your condition is ingratitude to him!

This wiſe conduct did more to recal me than all the aſſiſtance which could have been laviſhed on me. It abated the vehement heat which had been ſuddenly precipitated, as a torrent of fire, into my veins.

I will live! cried I, making an effort to recal my thoughts. Yes, I will live for *Otourou!* But let me ſee *Amelia!* Let me ſee her if you would preſerve my reaſon! I will conduct

you, ſaid *Francis*. Stay, replied the abbé; your unexpected appearance might deſtroy her. She is perſuaded that you no longer exiſt. I have placed her in a religious houſe; an aſylum which her ſituation ſeemed to require. I will write to the abbeſs. I will beſeech her to communicate the intelligence to *Amelia* by degrees. The delay will be favourable even to yourſelf. Your joy will be the purer; becauſe, leſs the impulſe of momentary emotions. He left us to write the letter.

I cannot conceive, ſaid *Duménil*, how *Amelia* could have preſerved ſuch an aſtoniſhing ſilence! She muſt, doubtleſs, have ſpoken to you of *Itanoko?* You would not conceal from her that he was known to you? Why then not write to him? Why not inform herſelf——

Francis

Francis interrupted him. *Amelia* herſelf, ſaid he, ſaw *Itanoko.*——But I will leave to her the taſk of recounting her own misfortunes. Her ſilence ſurpriſes you. Lay the guilt of it on me alone. Yes: my dear *Itanoko,* it was my crime.

Francis confeſſed, with unfeigned ſorrow and unreſtrained candour, that he had not relied on my innocence, and had communicated the frightful intelligence to the wounded mind of *Amelia.* I believed it to be neceſſary, ſaid he, to extinguiſh a hope which I thought vain, and which I ſaw preyed on her ſoul. My attachment for the unfortunate *Amelia* was the cauſe. Will you not pardon it, *Itanoko?* Ah! the excuſe is too dear to me!----cried I, folding him in my arms. But how was ſhe perſuaded to follow you? She

knew that *Otourou* waited for her. So has ſhe ſince told me, replied *Francis*. But chance conducted the myſterious ſcene. *Otourou* wiſhed to ſave *Amelia*, I alſo wiſhed it; and the deſign of *Otourou*, which I knew not, inſured the ſucceſs of mine, of which he was ignorant.

You recollect, he continued, the indignation with which the conduct of *Theodore* inſpired me? The unfortunate female, who ſeemed deſtined to fall a victim to his villany, reproached my feelings; nor could I reſt till I had reſolved to hazard all for her deliverance. The firmneſs with which ſhe had oppoſed her tyrant aſſured me that ſhe would ſeize, with joy, the firſt opportunity of flight. I made myſelf maſter therefore of the confidence of

two negroes. The employment of one of theſe lay in the outer parts of the dwelling; and that of the other, within the houſe. I deſigned the latter to facilitate her eſcape; and I propoſed that the other ſhould conduct her to the Spaniſh territory. They were intelligent and expert. They comprehended my plan entirely, and ſerved me with fidelity. Every thing ſeemed to forward my attempt. The overſeer, to whom alone the care of *Amelia* had been entruſted, was confined to his bed by a wound in his leg, which was a ſmall part of the puniſhment that his baſeneſs had well deſerved. I therefore now fixed, for the time of *Amelia*'s eſcape, the evening of the day on which (I have before told you, *Itanoko*) *Theodore* was to depart for the city.

On

On that evening (*Francis* continued) the negro who reſided within the houſe entered the apartment of *Amelia*, under pretence of carrying her ſome refreſhment. Fearing a ſurprize if the affair was not executed ſpeedily, I had ordered this negro to ſtay not a moment with *Amelia*, further than to ſpeak the few words which I had put into his mouth. He accordingly ſaid to her in a low voice—All is ready for your flight; the negro waits for you below. Be prepared: in a quarter of an hour, I will return, and conduct you. So ſtrangely did events concur, that this was the ſame evening on which ſhe expected *Otouron*. She inſtantly, then, imagined that the meſſage came from him; and did not heſitate. She was ready when the negro returned; they deſcended without noiſe; got out of the houſe ſucceſsfully; and the other negro

gro took her under his care. The firſt (according to the inſtructions I had given him, and which were deſigned to prevent ſuſpicion reſting on any of the domeſtics) again entered the apartment of *Amelia*; bolted the door within; attached a ladder to the window; got out of the houſe by this ladder; left it there; and retired, without being diſcovered.

Judge of the fury and terror of the overſeer, when the next day he was informed of *Amelia*'s flight. By the moſt awful threats, he impoſed ſilence on the whole houſe. He cauſed the ladder to be left in the ſame poſition; and when we returned the following night the impoſtor ſwore to *Theodore* that he had ſcarcely quitted *Amelia* a few minutes before. The ſuſpicions of all were turned toward you. I ran to warn you of your danger; and you know the reſt.

The

The Abbé de *S* * *, entered at this moment. He had diſpatched a ſervant with his letter, and we placed ourſelves at table. I thought only of the return of the meſſenger; nor could any effort of my friends divert my attention.

At length, he came with the anſwer of the abbeſs. She invited us to attend her at ſix in the evening. She condeſcendingly promiſed to receive us in the exterior part of the houſe without the grate, to leave us more at liberty, and ſeemed to hope that ſhe ſhould be able ſufficiently to prepare the mind of *Amelia*. We had not more than two hours to wait. Years have appeared ſhorter to me! The abbé procured a carriage; and we departed.

Often have I endured an anguiſh which I have thought could not be in-

creaſed

creaſed to greater agony. Often, have I thought my ſoul would not exiſt beneath it. Yet, never had I ſuffered ſo much as in this inſtance. An univerſal trembling ſeized my limbs; and the wildeſt apprehenſions ſhook my heart.

The carriage had ſtood a moment ſtill; and they had twice told me that we had reached the houſe, before I could at all reſume my recollection. I then attempted to ſpring to the door: in vain. My friends ſaw themſelves compelled to take me in their arms. I ſomewhat recovered myſelf, and with difficulty aſcended the ſtairs. The abbeſs received me with the tendereſt pity. Fear nothing, ſaid ſhe, *Amelia* is informed of all.

She appeared—I ſaw her—She ran with open arms—I fell at her feet—I felt

felt her hand preſſing on my heart—No words, no ſighs, no tears, came to expreſs our feelings!

The ſpectators trembled for our ſafety. They approached us. They ſpoke to us. They would have ſeparated us. It was in vain: ſhe was now in my arms. It ſhall be for ever! I cried. Speech ruſhed upon me, and I raved out all my joy. My father! Oh, my father! exclaimed *Amelia*. You are not here! He ſhall be reſtored to us! I cried.

My hope mounted on the wings of rapture, and ſaw every thing within its reach.

Happily, by degrees, the delirium ſubſided. The murmur of ſentiment ſucceeded; and, then, for a moment, happineſs

happineſs without a mixture of anguiſh!

The abbeſs, whoſe reſpectable old age added dignity to the virtues of a feeling mind, had conceived the affection of a mother for *Amelia*. At length, I perceived the little attention which I had paid to this venerable woman. Pardon, ſaid I, madam, the diſorder of my conduct; but happineſs is not familiar to me; pardon my inattention! You need no excuſe, ſhe replied. What reſpect, what attention, is worth the pleaſure you have given me! But, added ſhe, ſmiling, you owe me your gratitude, and I will have an immediate proof of it. You may imagine there is nothing that is hid from me which concerns you, and which is within the knowledge of *Amelia*. It is yours, to make me altogether acquaint-

ed

ed with the man whom I am now impatient to know.

I ſaw in the eyes of *Amelia* the burning deſire ſhe had to hear me; and I ſuffered not myſelf to be further intreated. The recital coſt her many tears. But what tears? How different from thoſe which ſhe had ſhed in Africa! Which ſhe had ſhed in a place made for negroe's tears, in the baleful iſlands of America! We were again united, and all wretchedneſs was effaced!

But have I not, ſaid I, acquired a right to make a requeſt in my turn? You have, ſaid *Amelia*, who underſtood my wiſhes; and, though I would gladly forbear to recal ſome cruel moments to my mind, my heart is yet too proud of its fidelity to *Itanoko*, to deny the

the recital of any part of what it coſt me.

Otourou has faithfully informed you of every circumſtance ſince our loſing you in Africa, till the hour I was torn from his protection in that fatal iſland. May I ſoon ſee him again! Not even the ſatisfaction of this moment, *Itanoko*, can make me forget what I owe to his conſtant friendſhip!

You know the manner in which I was taken from him. But *Otourou* has been too modeſt to give you all the truth of his courage. Wholly engaged in defending me, he thought not of himſelf. He long made the nobleſt reſiſtance againſt a multitude, and it was in this unequal combat that he laid *Theodore* at his feet. At length, he was over-

powered,

powered, and I doubted not that my eyes had ſeen him for the laſt time.

Ah, *Itanoko*, think what paſſed at that inſtant in the mind of the unfortunate *Amelia*! Yet, I felt that the moment required courage, and I collected all the powers of my mind. Be proud, my heart! I exclaimed. In misfortune, inflexibility is a virtue. It is the ſafeguard of honour!

I was not long in diſcovering the cauſe which led to my misfortune. I ſaw it in the elegance of the dwelling to which I was conducted, in the attentions which were paid me, and in the language of an old woman who never quitted me. In a few days, *Theodore*, the deteſtable enemy of my peace, entered the apartment in which I was confined.

Prayers,

Prayers, tears, profeſſions of love, menaces, preſents, all were eſſayed with profuſion; and all were diſdained. At length, the miſerable wretch offered me his hand; and I felt my indignation rouſed more by that than by all his other inſults. Think you that forms, cried I, alter the nature of things? Know, European, that I will have, for a ſpouſe, none but the man whom I eſteem.

Incenſed by my refuſal, excited by the baſe counſels of the deſpicable woman, whom he had placed over me; in fine, yielding up his mind to the fierce cruelty of his character, violence ſucceeded to importunities. He thought that fear, want, and ſufferings, would ſubdue my reſolution; but he knew me not.

I was

I was ſuddenly hurried from my chamber, dragged into a dark and damp vault, and my limbs were loaden with chains. The wretched inhabitants of the houſe in which I was confined had baſely ſold themſelves, and had become the tools of the ſtill baſer *Theodore*. Ah, what a condition for a woman who had been educated amid tenderneſs, and reared on the lap of happineſs! I had but one hope left. I had concealed a knife in deſpight of all their vigilance. In my moments of ſolitude, I preſſed it to my boſom as the guardian of my honour.

Thus paſſed eight days, and ſtill my mind did not abate of its independence. Yet, *Theodore* believed that the aſpect of eternal ſlavery would compel me to bend before him, and to throw myſelf

myſelf on his mercy. I pardon him the ſuſpicion. His heart was not made to know me. He appeared in my dungeon; a man accompanied him. Here, ſaid he, is the obſtinate ſlave whom I wiſh to ſell you. Your ſlave! ſaid I. Your fetters have not changed my condition! While my ſoul ſhall remain pure, *Amelia* ſhall be free! I ſhall be glad to buy her, ſaid the ſtranger; and then they both remained ſilent during ſome minutes. *Theodore* ſought, with an attentive eye, for the effect which he thought this anſwer would produce on me. I was unmoved. My condition for a moment ſeemed to touch his ſoul. Aſtoniſhing woman! ſaid he: at leaſt condeſcend to entreat my pardon. Your pardon! I cried. Find a tyger, let him looſe upon me, and I will fly to meet him with joy! My words rekindled his fury. I will periſh, ſaid he, as he

left me, or I will triumph over you! Then, replied I, you ſhall periſh!

On the following day, the horrible old woman whom I had not ſeen during my abode in the dungeon, a great Indian Moor who ſerved *Theodore*, and another man, entered my diſmal abode. They removed my fetters; and, doubtleſs, fearing my cries, they bound an handkerchief upon my mouth. I could not walk. They were obliged to carry me in their arms, and they placed me in a carriage, on the ſame ſeat with *Theodore*. When we were at ſome diſtance from the city, they removed the handkerchief from my mouth, which had almoſt ſtifled me; and *Theodore* preſſed me to ſpeak. During the whole way, I ſuffered not a word to eſcape me. Whither do they conduct me? thought

thought I. I knew not, nor what I was next to endure!

Ah, they were conducting me to the place in which was my *Itanoko!* To a place which I would have preferred to a world, and from which *Theodore*, had he known all, would have fled as from death!

The ſolitary ſituation of this houſe cruelly alarmed my mind. I now thought myſelf totally loſt. Ah! ſaid I, ſhrink not, my ſoul! and dear inſtrument of my ſafety, I continued preſſing the knife to my lips, fail not my purpoſe!

It was about three in the morning when we arrived at this plantation. *Theodore* paſſed the greater part of the day with me, and the evening drew

near and I had not yet ſpoke. At length I could no longer contain my feelings, and our converſation was earneſt on both ſides. I boldly repreſented to him the injuſtice, the barbarity, the cowardice of his conduct to me. The energy of truth, the vehemence of feeling confounded him. I ſaw him turn pale. He almoſt repented; and, confiding in the aſcendency of virtue over vice, I began to hope that I ſhould ſubdue him. He liſtened to me ſitting; I was on my feet; and, in my agitation, I ſometimes croſſed the room. I approached the window, and by accident caſt my eyes over a garden. Ah, gracious God! I ſaw my *Itanoko*! Nature is ſtronger than prudence. A word might bring ruin on myſelf, might bring ruin on *Itanoko*. Nature ſnatched the word from me: I ſhrieked and cried—Oh, my *Itanoko!*

The

The fury of *Theodore* was now madneſs. Is this, then, he cried, the cold virtue which diſdains me? Deſpicable woman—who cannot feel the honour I would do you! But, I will deſtroy the object of your baſe paſſion.

Ah, this was the rock on which alone my honour could be deſtroyed. I threw myſelf at his feet. To yield or loſe you *Itanoko* was the choice which he gave me; and he left me to a combat, from the recollection of which my ſoul now flies with terror!

He came on the following night to hear my reſolves. My honour triumphed; and he pronounced my fatal ſentence, with the coldneſs of premeditated cruelty. He left me. *Otourou* appeared at my window. I concluded this muſt be the dream of my imagina-

tion. But I heard him; he ſpoke to me; and I no longer doubted. To my other terrors was now added the alarms of friendſhip. My agitation bewildered my mind. I ſcarce knew what he ſaid to me, what I ſaid to him: but I preſſed him to be gone. He did go, and I had not pronounced your name! Ah, I have not told him, ſaid I, the ſecret that would have ſaved us all! The courage of *Itanoko* and *Otourou* would have cruſhed my baſe oppreſſors! ——As I reflected my mind fled from this idea with fear, and I was happy in a ſilence which the confuſion of my ideas had alone occaſioned. What a ſcene had not a ſingle word produced! Ah, no, *Otourou*, *Itanoko!* I cried. You ſhall weep for *Amelia* without your tears being mingled with blood!

All

All remained in ſilence till the noon of the following day. I heard not the uſual tumult of the houſe, and the ſtilneſs chilled me. I was ignorant that my butcher had removed all but the immediate inſtruments of his purpoſe from the houſe. At noon, I heard him at my door. It was faſtened, and he threatened to break it down if I did not open it. I felt my courage prepared for all, and I threw open the door to him. Terrifying moment! *Theodore* appeared, accompanied by the baſeſt of his agents. Without the preparation of a word, he ſwore that I ſhould now yield to his deſires, or be dragged to view *Itanoko*'s death.

I have, ſaid I, made my choice. I love *Itanoko*. To preſerve him I would give my blood, my life, my eternal exiſtence, but not my virtue. Let

him die. I will not ſave him at a price which would render me unworthy of him.

Vainly, during more than an hour, he employed ſupplications, menaces, careſſes, all the ſallies of paſſion, all the meanneſs of vice. Silence (confounding him almoſt beyond his endurance) was my ſole anſwer, and he left me with the wildeſt words of fury. My firmneſs died away. Never ſhall woman incur a greater danger! I would have recalled him. My enfeebled cry could not paſs my lips. Soon he returned, with a bloody poignard in his hand. Ah, God! I cried—and have you dared—Come! he anſwered. See him weltering in his blood! Come, and enjoy the pangs of his death! Yes, villain, I replied, I will go. Yes,

you

you ſhall ſee me bid him a laſt farewel!

Rage and deſpair animated me, and I roſe. I wiſhed to proceed, but I could not take a ſtep. He dragged me himſelf to a diſtant room, where I ſaw a negro extended on the floor. His height appeared to be yours. But his face was covered; the blood flowed profuſely from his breaſt and ſide. I flew to throw myſelf on his expiring body. I ſnatched the covering from his face. I ſaw the baſe, the monſtrous artifice. The ſwifteſt joy, the profoundeſt diſdain, took the place of terror in my heart. I caſt a look of contempt on *Theodore* and his accomplice; and, with a tranquil pace, I returned to my chamber.

Rouſed with ſhame, perhaps with remorſe, for this waſte of barbarity, they followed me, and I now beheld the laſt inſtant of my danger. I ſeized the inſtrument which I had kept concealed. Approach me! ſaid I. *Theodore* turned pale, and recoiled. His mercenary accomplice, reſolved to ſerve him at all events, ſuddenly advanced and ſeized me. We ſtruggled; I fell; and, in the conflict, he received a deep wound in his leg. The anguiſh of his wound gave me opportunity to diſengage myſelf, and I roſe. Rage gave me ſtrength, and I ruſhed upon *Theodore*. They were both ſeized with terror, and they fled.

I will no longer abuſe your patience, continued *Amelia*. You know the important ſervice which was rendered me by

by the worthy nephew of the Abbé *de S*** ; the goodneſs of his uncle ; and yours, my benefactreſs, ſaid ſhe, taking the hand of the abbeſs. You, madam, have been witneſs of the tears I have ſhed over the fate of *Itanoko*, and the loſs of my father. But you never will perfectly know the gratitude of *Amelia*."

The hours, filled with ſenſations like theſe, eſcape as a dream. It was paſt midnight, and we had no thought of retiring. The Abbé *de S*** recollected the time, and would have apologized to the abbeſs. Why ſo ? ſaid this worthy woman. I have never known a more delicious evening; and if I conſent that we now ſeparate, it is on condition that you dine with me, and that the day ſhall be at my diſpoſal. We promiſed her ; for it ſeemed as though we formed but one family; and the

deſire of meeting again was equally earneſt in each.

When *Duménil* and I returned to our hotel, we found a packet addreſſed to me from *Ferdinand*. I opened it with tranſport, and learned that *Ferdinand* and *Honoria* had landed at Havre after a fortunate paſſage. But he informed me that *Honoria* was ſo much indiſpoſed by the voyage, that ſhe was not in a condition to travel poſt to Paris; and, as ſome buſineſs required his own preſence there immediately, he requeſted that *Duménil* (unleſs his aſſiſtance ſhould be particularly needful to me) would join him with as much ſpeed as poſſible; that he might be able to leave *Honoria* with leſs uneaſineſs, to follow him, by eaſy journies to Paris, accompanied by *Duménil*.

Duménil

Duménil reſolved to ſet off immediately; and, it being then about two in the morning, he hoped to reach Havre before the enſuing night. I ſcarce could reſtrain my deſire of going with *Dum nil.* Even the happineſs of paſſing the day with *Amelia* would have yielded to the ſacred engagements of gratitude; but ſix in the evening of the ſame day was the hour in which I expected to ſee the banker's caſhier, and friendſhip and humanity impoſed ſilence on every other conſideration.

As *Duménil* prepared for his departure, I ſaid to him----do you not find an air of ſorrow in the letter of *Ferdinand?* His wearineſs, replied *Duménil,* after a long voyage; or rather, perhaps, his being compelled to leave *Honoria* for a few days, may have ſomewhat affected him; but let not your

ſenſibility

ſenſibility imagine cauſes of diſtreſs. He eaſily perſuaded me that my apprehenſions were groundleſs. I embraced him; he departed; and I went to my chamber to take ſome repoſe, of which I now ſtood greatly in need after the violent tumults of the preceding day.

I had found *Amelia*; I ſhould ſoon ſee *Honoria* and *Ferdinand*; I had powerful friends, who would make the moſt diligent enquiries reſpecting *Dumont*, and I flattered myſelf we ſhould diſcover his retreat; my fortune ſurpaſſed even my wiſhes, for my friends had made maſter of an annual income of more than five and twenty thouſand livres; *Otouron* was innocent, and muſt again be free;----ſleep overtook my mind engaged in theſe reflections, and never was ſleep more gentle.

Francis

Francis entered my chamber while I yet ſlept. You forget, ſaid he, waking me, that ſleep is ſo much deducted from the enjoyments of the ſoul. True, I anſwered, it ſhould have been made for the unfortunate alone. I aroſe and informed him of *Duménil*'s departure. We took our chocolate together, and then proceeded to the convent, to which his uncle the abbé was already gone.

The hiſtory of this day will be eaſily imagined. But oh, what a day! Filled with tender effuſions, with mutual remembrances, each word leading to a new thought, and the mouth at length becoming inſufficient for the crowd of thoughts! The abbeſs ſpoke of our marriage, and wiſhed us to fix a day for its ſolemnization. *Amelia* confeſſed that ſhe thought not of that day without

out pleaſure; but ſhe called to our minds the uncertainty in which ſhe was reſpecting her parents. The feeling was too pure to be oppoſed by any argument; and, notwithſtanding the violence it did my affection, I yielded to it; not without ſome degree of ſatisfaction. The Abbé *de S*** undertook to make every enquiry reſpecting *Dumont*, and ſcarce ſeemed to doubt ſucceſs.

The clock ſtruck five, and I aroſe to go to the banker's houſe. If left my friends, who, intereſted in the fate of *Otouron*, promiſed to wait my return.

The porter recollected me, and informed me that the caſhier had arrived, and expected my viſit. He conducted me to his apartment, but left me

me in the antichamber to announce my arrival. This ſingle minute was awful to my feelings! He returned, and deſired me to enter. I advanced, and ſaw the caſhier riſe to receive me.

He flew and caught me in his arms. Ah, it was *Dumont* that preſſed me to his boſom! My friend! my child! my *Itanoko!* He uttered as if doubting himſelf. Ah! I cried—and do I ſee you, my too generous friend! And may I yet pay you for all the ſorrows, all the fatigues, which you have ſuffered for me! Oh *Itanoko*, he ſaid, what a loſs have I endured! To ſee you recals all my anguiſh. What is become of my unhappy daughter? Why is not ſhe here to augment our joy?

I was inſtantly ready to inform him of all that reſpected *Amelia*, but prudence

dence as inſtantly ſtayed me; and I trembled when I conſidered how fatal the ſudden and violent emotion might be to him. He appeared to me extremely meagre, and borne down by infirmities; and I ſaw that much preparation was neceſſary to introduce the intelligence which my heart almoſt refuſed to conceal. When our mutual tranſports had ſomewhat ſubſided, I turned the converſation, as if careleſsly, to the latter part of my adventures, and I entered into the matter which immediately concerned *Otouron*. Ah! ſaid he—ſpeak not of him! Forget a wretch who has unworthily betrayed me, and given me the deepeſt wound which can be ſtruck to the heart of a father! Alas, how did I once love him, and how has he paid me for all my tenderneſs! But this---*Itanoko*, and we will name him no more: the banker

banker did but lend me his influence ; it was at my inſtance that *Otouron* was caſt into priſon. I have no longer a daughter ! you no longer a lover ! and the crimes of that traitor has torn her from us both !

The inſtantaneous pardon of *Otouron* could not have delighted me more than this diſcourſe. To know his accuſer and the crime imputed to him, was to be ſure of his innocence and his liberty. Beware, ſaid I to *Dumont*, that ſome appearances do not deceive you. When you know *Otouron*, you will be ſorry to have ſuſpected him. Would to God ! replied he---that it were nothing but ſuſpicion ! I have but too many proofs !

He aroſe, and brought me ſome papers from his cabinet. Alas ! he continued

nued---on the frightful day in which I thought you already reſtored to us, and in which you was a ſecond time torn from us, having been with the magiſtrate to obtain from him an aſſiſtance which might enable us to diſcover you, I returned on board my veſſel: I expected to have found my daughter there, who, my heart told me, muſt need all my conſolations. She had not been ſeen. Conceive my inquietude, my torments! What could I ſay to a mother, yielding to her apprehenſions? Ah! what could I ſay to my agoniſing heart? The night paſſed, and yet no news! Scarcely was it day when a letter was brought to me, by a boat belonging to the port. It came from a young man, a ſtranger to me, who ſubſcribed himſelf *Theodore de C*——. Alas, Heaven has not permitted me to repay his kind benefaction! This is the letter.

I took

I took it, and read as follows:

"Sir,

You are unknown to me, yet my heart feels for you. Yeſterday evening, as I walked on the ſhore, a young perſon (whom I believe to be your daughter, having ſeen her more than once land from your ſhip, and alſo having ſeen your ſailors treat her with reſpect) was on the point of ſtepping into your boat. A negro, who belongs to you, forcibly prevented her; and, notwithſtanding her cries and reſiſtance, he hurried her away with violence, aſſiſted by ſome accomplices. His name is *Otourou:* your daughter too often pronounced the name with rage and indignation to permit me ever to forget it. Humanity urged me in behalf of the ſufferer, but I ſaw it would be in vain to oppoſe myſelf to the

the brutality of these men; and to inform you of the disaster was all that remained in my power. As this deed has all the air of a rape, the villain undoubtedly fled with his prey to the Spanish part of this island. I should judge, therefore, it would be most advisable for you to hasten to the Spanish ports, as it is probable he designs to sail from one of them. Trouble not yourself to seek for me: too young to offer you any aid, all my services must be included in this advice, which, though cruel to your feelings, is yet necessary.

I am, &c.

Theodore de C——."

Are not, I thought, the persecutions of the wicked during their life sufficient; must they yet pursue virtue from the depth of the tomb? But how could

Theodore, at that period, have made himſelf maſter of *Otourou*'s name? Ah---now I ſee it. He has intercepted the letter which the unfortunate *Otourou* wrote to *Dumont* when he entered his priſon.

While theſe reflections paſſed in my mind, *Dumont* continued: this letter was the inſtant death of my wife; and, though I could ſcarce reſiſt the crowd of misfortunes which ſurrounded me, I went on ſhore to give information to the miniſters of juſtice of what had happened. I ſailed ſoon after, and ran through the Spaniſh ports; but all my reſearches were in vain. At length, the diminution of my funds compelled me to ſail for France. There I ſold my veſſel, and my commercial knowledge procured me the ſituation which I have held in this houſe. Ever occupied

cupied with the cauſe of my ſorrow, ever revolving all the circumſtances of it in my mind, I confeſs to you I felt, at times, extreme difficulty to believe *Otourou* culpable on the mere credit of *Theodore de C*——'s letter; but too ſoon even the ſmall conſolation of doubt was not left me. The banker received letters from his correſpondent at St. Domingo, requeſting him to make enquiries concerning me; and, if poſſible, to remit to me the written evidence which was ſubjoined to his packet of letters. The banker inſtantly gave it to me, and I read in it, that a negro named *Otourou*, having been apprehended for a murder, had been ſearched, and that the billet annexed to the evidence was found upon him; that this billet having an immediate connection with the declaration made by M. *Dumont*, ſome time paſt, it had been

been thought proper to remit it to him, in caſe he ſhould chuſe to proſecute the negro. This is the billet, added *Dumont:* it is the hand-writing of my poor daughter!

How great was my ſurprize when I recogniſed the words which *Amelia* had written to *Theodore* at the inſtant of her flight, and which *Otourou* had taken from her chamber! Again, and again, had I read it, and knew every word, every letter, which it contained. What an incredible chain of events, ſaid I, to myſelf, and how weak is the means which Providence has uſed to conduct us to the height of felicity? Without this billet, never, in all probability, ſhould I have found the very perſons who were neceſſary to my happineſs!

You imagine, ſaid I to *Dumont*, that you poſſeſs the proof of *Otourou*'s guilt,

and you hold in your hand, my dear *Dumont*, the ſacred teſtimony of an exalted friendſhip.

I then entered into the hiſtory of the ſufferings of *Amelia* and *Otourou*. *Dumont* liſtened; yet, at times, almoſt yielding to the oppreſſion of various feelings. At the concluſion, doubt was ſuperior to all, and he aſcribed what I had related to my blind friendſhip for *Otourou*.— Well, I ſaid, I will pardon the father the injury which he does to the honour of my friend, to his own friend. But would you not believe inconteſtible evidence? Would you have courage to hear the witneſs? Oh, he anſwered, it would be felicity to be aſſured of the innocence of a man whom I have loved, as I loved *Otourou!* I will bring, replied I, this invaluable witneſs; but prepare for the moſt exquiſite, the moſt voluptuous ſurprize!

What

What would you ſay? cried *Dumont*, with ſomething like expectation in his looks. Ah! what a hope ruſhes into my mind!

I felt that the firſt difficulty was ſurmounted. I fly, ſaid I, to bring my witneſs! Dream of nothing but happineſs, till I return!

I flew with the ſwiftneſs of joy to the convent. My friends turned their eager eyes upon me. I felt myſelf embarraſſed—I knew not in what manner I could ſpare the ſenſibility of *Amelia*—I endeavoured to moderate my own agitation—My friends, I ſaid, I have the happieſt tidings to communicate! *Otourou* ſhall be free! cried *Amelia*. Yes, I anſwered—but does your heart intimate nothing better? He is already free! ſaid ſhe. Then, ſaid I, you can

ſupport the ſight of *Otouron* ſtanding inſtantly before you. Do not doubt it, ſhe replied. Let him come! Let me ſee him! With ſuch courage, continued I, you could reſiſt the violence of a more powerful ſurprize? Ah! cried *Amelia*—either you are the crueleſt man on earth, or you have ſeen my father! Do you think me cruel? I anſwered. Ah! I underſtand you, ſaid ſhe—He lives—You have ſeen him—Where is he?—Ah, fly with me to his feet!

Amelia threw herſelf into my arms; our friends ſurrounded us; I communicated, with a word, the moſt delicious tranſports to their hearts.

The abbeſs inſtantly ordered her carriage, and in a minute we were all at the banker's houſe. I have not yet named you to *Dumont*, ſaid I, to *Amelia*. Yet, he

he almoſt expects to ſee you. My friends, you ſhall remain in his antichamber. I will enter his apartment, and leave the door open, and *Amelia* can ſeize the fitteſt inſtant to appear.

We aſcended to the antichamber. I entered *Dumont*'s room. He walked with haſty ſtrides, expecting me.

"Well, are you prepared to receive my witneſs?"——"Yes: though it were my daughter."——"Could you ſtill think *Otourou* culpable?"——"Ah! I would to God, he were yet worthy of being my friend!"

Amelia could no longer withhold herſelf. She cried out, ran, appeared, fell at *Dumont*'s feet. My father! cried ſhe—My father, do not accuſe him! He is the model of human virtues!

Ah, what an intereſting ſcene paſſed before our eyes! The daughter and father could not be ſeparated: yet the eyes of *Amelia* ſought for ſomething further. *Dumont* underſtood them; for nature explained them to him. Do not demand your mother—ſaid he, to *Amelia*, preſſing her to his boſom. She enjoys the recompenſe of her virtues. This ſorrowful information ſpread a cloud over the gentle moment; but the preſent happineſs, ever ſo powerful over the heart of man, ever ſo irreſiſtable in its influence, inſenſibly diſſipated this tranſient gloom, and joy took entire poſſeſſion of the hour.

Amelia having ſatisfied the ardent curioſity of her father, I interrupted their converſation to recal *Otouron*'s ſituation to their mind. Each minute which now prolongs his impriſonment, ſaid

ſaid I, would be a minute of guilt to us. And of anguiſh to my mind!---- ſaid *Dumont*.

The miniſter was at Paris, and the Abbé *de S*** propoſed to *Dumont* that they ſhould both wait upon him while we ſhould return with the abbeſs, and expect their arrival at the convent. This benevolent lady, who never ſuffered an occaſion of doing good to eſcape her, ſaid to them—No: let the young people go to the convent, but it will be better that I ſhould accompany you to the miniſter. It is late, and you will probably be refuſed an audience; but a viſit, at ſuch an hour, from a perſon of my deſcription, will itſelf ſpeak ſomething extraordinary, and will probably open the miniſter's cloſet to us. We all thanked the abbeſs for this obliging care, and *Dumont* and

the Abbé *de S*** proceeded with her in her carriage to the minister's residence; while *Amelia*, *Francis*, and I returned to the convent. We did not long expect them there. They came with a mandate for *Otourou*'s release, and they were desired to go and receive *Otourou* early on the following morning.

Freed from all cares, we placed ourselves at table, and this was the first repast which I had enjoyed without a mixture of anxiety since the time in which my peaceable youth had fed on fruits cultivated by the hand of *Amelia*.

When the desert was placed on the table, and the servants had withdrawn, the abbess, addressing herself to *Dumont*, said—There is no one but myself, sir, who loses by your presence. I was the mother of *Amelia*, and her only parent; but

but you have come to rob me of my rights. I regret them much; for it would have been a delightful office to me to have given her to *Itanoko*. Command, madam, replied *Dumont*; my daughter ſhall never prove her reſpect to me more perfectly than in obeying your pleaſure. Then, ſaid the abbeſs with goodneſs, *Itanoko*'s happineſs ſhall not be delayed. My friend, ſaid *Dumont*, taking my hand, you know my daughter's virtues, and thoſe are her only portion. A poverty, which I do not lament, is all that I can offer you in my alliance. Ah, ſaid I, caſting myſelf at *Amelia*'s feet.—Let my *Amelia* conſent to my happineſs, and I ſhall be too rich. *Amelia*'s ſmile avowed her ſentiments. You, madam, ſaid I, to the abbeſs, have deigned to take the title of a mother; confirm, then, my happineſs, and conſent to our ſigning our

marriage contract inſtantly on the arrival of *Ferdinand*. I conſent, ſaid the abbeſs; but I muſt preſerve my rights entire; the ceremony muſt paſs under my roof. *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and I, thanked her with unfeigned gratitude. The tears of beneficence flowed from her eyes: you are happy, ſaid ſhe, but I am ſtill more ſo---and ſhe was eager to relieve herſelf from the effuſions of gratitude, which do but oppreſs generous minds.

The exceſs of my felicity had not made me forget my ſuffering friend. Before the break of day, *Dumont*, *Amelia*, and I flew to the Abbé *de S***, who accompanied us to Vincennes. The gates of *Otouroi*'s priſon were opened to us, and ſoon we preſſed him to our boſoms. The ſight of *Amelia* and her father appeared a dream to him. He

He could not forbear to contemplate them, to assure himself by repeated embraces that his senses did not delude his heart.

We were in haste to bear him from the scene of his suffering, and soon presented him to the abbess. I explained to him the obligations which had been conferred on him by that lady and the Abbé *de S***. *Otourou* possessed not the polish of European manners: his thanks were those of nature. You have pitied an unfortunate man, said he. May Heaven bless you; and, as your reward, present you frequent opportunities of comforting the afflicted!

I employed the rest of the day in reducing my marriage contract into form, and in purchasing jewels which I de-

ſigned for *Amelia* and my friends. According to my calculation, *Ferdinand* muſt arrive during the night; or in the morning at the furtheſt; and I was impatient to terminate all my arrangements that nothing might interrupt the delightful moments which I promiſed myſelf I ſhould enjoy with my friends.

Otourou, ſeldom thinking of himſelf, and now participating in the confuſion of our joy, had made no enquiries into the unjuſt motives which cauſed his impriſonment; but ſome words which eſcaped *Dumont* in the tranſports of his friendſhip, his gratitude, his remorſe, ſurpriſed and inquieted *Otourou*. In the evening, we being together alone, he demanded an explanation of his unfortunate affair, and I did not ſcruple to give it him without reſerve.

ſerve. Imprudent! For a moment, I had forgotten *Otourou*. He heard me with an aſtoniſhment which I cannot expreſs; I recollected his diſpoſition, and bitterly repented my imprudence. At the concluſion of my recital, he remained a minute ſilent, and then ſaid —with a look of indignation which almoſt arreſted my blood in its courſe— I could never have imagined myſelf liable to the ſuſpicions of *Dumont*. He changed the converſation; and we afterwards ſeparated to take ſome repoſe, without my daring again to name the ſubject.

I went into his chamber, early on the following morning; and was ſurpriſed not to find him there. I made enquiries among the domeſtics concerning him, and one of them informed me that *Otourou* had deſired him to ſay that he found himſelf indiſpoſed, and had

had gone out to endeavour to diſſipate his illneſs. I concluded that he went to ſeek amuſement in viewing Paris, and that we ſhould ſee him return in the courſe of the day. While the ſervant ſpoke to me I heard a poſt-chaiſe arrive at the houſe. I looked out and ſaw *Ferdinand*. I ran to meet him, and threw myſelf into his friendly, faithful arms. I thought he appeared ſomewhat altered, but I attributed that to to the fatigues of his voyage and journey. I eagerly interrogated him reſpecting the health of *Honoria*. Her indiſpoſition, ſaid he, is light; ſhe follows me by ſhort journies; and I am without inquietude, as *Duménil* accompanies her.

I now conducted him into my apartment, and he was in haſte to know *Otourou*'s fate. I told him all that had happened,

happened, without the omiſſion of a circumſtance, for it is one of the enjoyments of happineſs to talk with our friends. My marriage contract, I added, waited only your preſence to be completed. Yes: I will ſign it, ſaid he. It is all that heaven permits me at preſent to do for your happineſs. I will dreſs; you ſhall preſent me to the abbeſs; and, however preſſing my affairs may be, I will conſecrate this day entirely to you. But, ſaid I, looking earneſtly in his face, you muſt pardon my anxious friendſhip; you are no longer the ſame. You are ſorrowful. Let us, he replied, think only of your happineſs. My happineſs, returned I, is already infected if you no longer place any confidence in *Itanoko*. What would you know? ſaid *Ferdinand*. Shall an affectionate friend cover with clouds the happieſt day of your life? If you

are now ſilent, I cried, I ſhall believe this friend has ceaſed to be ſuch. Well, ſaid he, liſten; but, while I confide my troubles to you, I expect from you---not regret, but an example of courage. Afflict not yourſelf with a misfortune which I begin to regard with indifference. You have known the extent of my fortune. It is loſt. Oh Heaven! I exclaimed. What do you tell me? My whole property, continued *Ferdinand*, was remitted to the banker, on whom I gave you a letter of credit; and at whoſe houſe you found *Dumont*. The firſt news that ſtruck my ears, on landing, was his bankruptcy; and I have nothing but his uſeleſs acceptances, which will never be paid.——"Does *Honoria* know it?"——"Yes: the dignity of her mind taught me to diſdain a loſs which, at firſt, I lamented. The wrecks of

my

my fortune, the little ready money I have, added to the ſale of mine and *Honoria*'s jewels, will leave us yet a yearly income of ſix thouſand livres, and we ſhall live happily."——"Reduced from four hundred thouſand livres income to ſix thouſand: the fall is dreadful!"——"It is ſo, to people who found their happineſs on wealth; but not to thoſe who make it conſiſt in peace of mind."

I remained ſome time in a profound ſilence; but, finally, I ſprang from theſe reflections, and, though not free from anguiſh, yet was I at leaſt ſatisfied with my heart. You expect from me, ſaid I, an example of courage, and I will give it you. I ſcarcely feel your loſs. The loſs of a vile metal, which is too frequently the property of vice. Fortune cannot deprive you of your

your virtues, nor of the hearts of your friends; and theſe are the only wealth of man. Dreſs; let us not change any thing in the preparations that are making to celebrate my union with *Amelia*.

Ferdinand preſſed my hand. Now, ſaid he, I behold my *Itanoko*. I ſee that firmneſs which I have ſo often admired. You flatter my glory by ſparing your conſolations. You have done juſtice to my heart.

He dreſſed himſelf with magnificence, leſs through inclination than to honour the nuptials of his friend, and his dreſs added to the natural graces of his perſon. We proceeded to the apartment in which I knew the abbeſs would be waiting for us. In fact, my friends were already aſſembled. Joy ſhone in in every eye. Joy! ah! what would not

not a ſingle word from me have placed in its ſtead ?—There are moments in which even virtue is painful*. I then felt it.

No one preſent knew *Ferdinand*. Madam, ſaid I to the abbeſs, permit me to preſent this gentleman to you. His name will be the beſt title I can give him to your friendſhip. This, madam, is *Ferdinand*. Inſtantly all ſurrounded him, all equally impatient to embrace him. Intereſting, inſtructive ſight ! which too ſeldom meets the eyes of youth, or ſurely men would be

* Never : *Itanoko* deceived himſelf. It was not his virtue that was painful. He ſecretly lamented *Ferdinand*'s loſs : this was his error, and this was his torture. Conſidering how the fortune had been gained, the loſs of it was no evil ; and, through whatever channel it might have come to *Ferdinand*, it was not worth a thought. T.

other-

otherwiſe. *Ferdinand*, in the midſt of ſtrangers, found a reception which too many look for in vain in the boſom of their own families. Such are the rights of a good man! Let him be named, and he finds friends.

The abbeſs aſked me, in a whiſper, when the marriage contract ſhould be brought for us to ſign. I requeſted that it might be at eight in the evening. I have yet, ſaid I, ſome trifling arrangements to make, and I ſhall requeſt your permiſſion to withdraw for a couple of hours after dinner. I ſpoke theſe laſt words that *Amelia* might hear them. I was deſirous ſhe ſhould be thus accidentally informed of my abſence, that ſhe might be without inquietude, and that ſhe ſhould ſpare me ſome queſtions which I ſhould have been at a loſs to anſwer.

But

But all this time *Otourou* did not appear. I informed our friends that he had gone out to amuſe himſelf, and his motive for it. Yet, though this explained the cauſe of his abſence, we could not repreſs our uneaſineſs.

As ſoon as dinner was removed, I aroſe from table, and ran to conſummate my ſacrifice: it was done. I returned to join my friends; and, whatever tranſient apprehenſions I might entertain of the future, my ſoul enjoyed the pureſt felicity.

I approached the abbeſs, to whiſper a requeſt in her ear; while I ſpoke, ſome one, who had ſtolen behind me, placed their hands over my eyes, and the whole company burſt into laughter. My dear *Itaioko*, ſaid the abbeſs, I am ſorry for you; but ſuch is the condition

of

of our agreement.—You muſt name the perſon who holds you priſoner, or there is no marriage for you this day. I hope madam, anſwered I, that *Amelia* is not a party to the agreement. Pardon me, ſaid ſhe—certainly ſo. Then, I replied, I divine the matter;—*Amelia* knew that my heart would not deceive me; theſe are a lady's hands that cover my ſight, and there is but one wanting to complete our felicity: *Honoria* is the tyrant that holds me; I am ſure of it. I was not miſtaken, it was *Honoria*. Her impatience to join her huſband had ſubdued her indiſpoſition, and ſhe had proceeded poſt with *Duménil*. Ah, my dear *Duménil*! I ſaid, taking his hand—how much are we obliged to you. Recompenſe him then, ſaid *Dumont* to me, by loving him as your uncle. My Uncle! I exclaimed. You remember, ſaid *Dumont*, my

my dear brother, of whom I often ſpoken to you during your childhood. You now ſee him. What a happy event! ſaid I, embracing them both.

I congratulated myſelf on ſeeing ſo many perſons aſſembled, each of whom had conferred the greateſt benefactions on me; and I felt a ſecret pride as I ſaw the hour approach, in which I hoped to ſhew their friend was worthy of them.

A ſervant entered to inform me that the notary waited below. I requeſted permiſſion of the abbeſs to introduce him. When he came, I made him advance, and placed him at a table. He laid the parchment open before him, and was preparing to read. Come, ſaid I, theſe forms of law, among friends, are diſguſting. Here, every one knows my

my manner of thinking; and, happily, we are all of one mind. A moment's delay would be to commit a robbery on my felicity. Let us ſign, and we will read it afterwards. *Itanoko* is right, ſaid the abbeſs: we will leave the reading of contracts to marriages of intereſt. I took the pen, and having executed the deed, preſented it to *Ferdinand*. He politely offered it to the abbeſs. Pardon me, I ſaid, I know all the reſpect which is due to a lady, but you muſt permit me to govern abſolutely during a few minutes. Having directed each of them to ſign as I thought proper, I took the deed, and ſaid to *Amelia*—Till this day, I flattered myſelf that I was in poſſeſſion of all which could make my *Amelia* happy. I have no longer any thing to offer you but my heart, and that is not ſufficient. Pardon me, that I have yielded to duties which appeared

peared to me yet more ſacred than love. I read aſtoniſhment in your eyes, but my conduct ſhall never be inexplicable to you. You ſee before you, *Honoria* and *Ferdinand:* there was a time in which their benefactions conſtituted my glory; at preſent, it might become my ſhame. They had immenſe wealth; they poſſeſs it no longer. I will not become the accomplice of fortune, and (the inſolent witneſs of their indigence) revel in their property with indifference. *Ferdinand*, if I had a right to diſpoſe of my eſtate, I have ſold it to you, and you have juſt ſigned the bargain. This is your title. I gave him the deed which had juſt been executed.

I would have retired for the preſent; my friends detained me. *Honoria* and *Ferdinand* embracing me, ſaid—We

will not accept of this gift. We have been ſurpriſed into the execution of the deed, and it is null: we recal our conſent. Ah, *Itanoko*, have you thought of *Amelia?* Would you behold her death? You diſhonour me! cried *Amelia*. Think not ſo of me! Then turning to me—never have I loved you more, *Itanoko*. Your loſs, if I muſt loſe you, is frightful to my heart. But I am worthy of you. For the world, would I not ſee you act otherwiſe, though I ſhould never behold you again.

Ah! ſaid *Ferdinand*, with grief—To whom then ſhall we have recourſe? Too dear enemy! he continued taking my hand—Force me not to hate you! The hatred of *Ferdinand!* think of it *Itanoko! Ferdinand*, I replied, I know you: never will you hate a man of honour.

honour. And ah! ſaid *Ferdinand*—Do I not know that you can never love a man who has diſhonoured himſelf—— "But how diſhonoured, *Ferdinand?*" ——"By ſuffering myſelf thus to be vanquiſhed."——Charming example, of a ſublime virtue, ſaid *Duménil.* One of you ſacrificing an ardent, ſucceſsful, love, and the other, ſacrificing wealth--- to his honour! My young friends, you teach to each of us how delicious it is to produce the happineſs of others. *Ferdinand*, accept the gift of *Itanoko*: you ſhall do it without a bluſh. *Amelia*, give me your hand: I tender it to you, *Itanoko*, and I will add to it my fortune. Ah, great God, I cried---this felicity is too much for my heart!

Honoria and *Ferdinand* ſtill defended themſelves, and could not be perſuaded to yield. During this time, *Dumont*

 had

had taken up the deed, and ſeemed to be looking on it with profound meditation. At length, he waved his hand for ſilence, and we all liſtened. Why, ſaid he, do I ſee on this deed the name of *de C*---? This gentleman is not, however, the *Theodore de C*--- whoſe letter I have ſhewn to you, *Itanoko*. You have told me he was the ſon of M. *Urban*. It is true, I anſwered; and you muſt pardon my negligence. I ought to have preſented him here by the name to which he is entitled; but the endearing habit of calling theſe my friends---*Honoria* and *Ferdinand*, has prevailed over ceremony. *Honoria* is the ſiſter of *Theodore de C*---, who is no more; and her huſband, when he received her hand, took the name of *de C*--- at the requeſt of her dying father. This gentleman then, ſaid *Dumont*, is the M. *de C*--- who lately remitted his property

property to Europe. The ſame, replied *Ferdinand*. Then ſir, ſaid *Dumont*, your fortune is entire.

Let the effect of theſe words be imagined, if it be poſſible to imagine ſuch extreme aſtoniſhment and joy as they produced. Delightful ſcene! though my pencil would obſcure, with its cold colours, thy glowing flame, yet can I ſtill enter into my heart, and view thee there in all thy brightneſs!

Ferdinand availed himſelf of the calm which inevitably ſucceeds to ſuch moments, to enquire into a myſtery which he could not comprehend. By what happy chance, ſaid he to *Dumont*, am I indebted to you for this ſignal benefaction? You owe it chiefly, anſwered *Dumont*, to gratitude, though miſtaken in its application; but God judged my

intention---that was pure; and, as my reward, he has directed the effect to the worthieſt object.

It is about ſix months, continued *Dumont*, ſince I entered into my employment with this banker. He ſought for a caſhier, and I preſented myſelf to him; ſixty thouſand francs, the ſole remains of the wealth which had been given by the two African ſovereigns, became ſecurity for me: he accepted my offer, and my ſmall fortune was ſunk in his capital. I entered on my duty, and four months paſſed without my perceiving any alteration in his affairs. Two months ſince, things began to aſſume another appearance. He collected conſiderable ſums, and which I knew much exceeded the engagements he had to fulfil. One day he cauſed theſe to be removed from his bank

bank. I imagined this was to ſuit ſome purpoſe of ſpeculation, and it gave me no uneaſineſs. However, the firſt ſucceeding payment was made by a loan; and, afterwards, all demands on his bank (which have been diſcharged) were ſettled by the ſame means; while the returns have diſappeared, as the former fund, without any apparent employ. A caſhier is not to be impoſed upon for any length of time; and I explained my fears to the banker. He amuſed me during ſix months longer with artful excuſes; but ſoon it was almoſt impoſſible for me to doubt his unworthy deſigns; and I found myſelf reduced to the unhappy alternative of loſing my ſmall fortune, and ſuffering him to deceive thoſe who confided in him, or of becoming his accuſer, and perhaps when he ſhould yet be innocent. This latter part was ſo ſtrongly

repugnant to my feelings, that I choſe rather to ſacrifice my little property; yet, I reſolved to prevent the extenſion of the evil, and to preſerve myſelf free from all ſuſpicion of any connivance with him. Fourteen days ago, I made up the account of the payments for the enſuing day, which amounted to three hundred and forty thouſand livres. This I carried to him. He ſigned it and returned it to me. You know, ſaid I, that I have only twelve hundred francs in bank. I know it, he anſwered me, and it is my affair. He went out; and was, as uſual, at the 'Change. At three, the letters of the houſe were delivered to me. Among others, was a letter from a celebrated commercial houſe at Nantz, the ſubſtance of which was, that their partners at Cape François (in the iſland of St. Domingo) had received ſix millions of

of livres from a gentleman whoſe name was *de C—*, who was coming into France to reſide, and who had given them an order to remit it to our banking-houſe. They incloſed drafts to the amount of four millions, which was all they could procure, and ſaid they would ſend the remainder by the firſt opportunity.

In the name of *de C---*, I recogniſed that of the young man who had rendered me what I then deemed an important ſervice; and my firſt wiſh was to ſave the fortune of my benefactor. Yet, with every appearance againſt the integrity of my employer, I might be ignorant of his funds and his commercial dealings; and I might be the ruin of a man who deſerved otherwiſe, and whoſe only fault might be the failing to place his confidence in me. After conſiderable heſitation, however, I

reſolved to withhold this letter, and to obſerve the effect it would produce on the banker. I acted accordingly, and he did not teſtify any ſurpriſe or inquietude; as if he had other advice of this tranſaction. In the courſe of the day, he had turned ſome bills of exchange into caſh; and, in the evening, I remarked ſeveral circumſtances in the houſe, which no longer left any doubt in my mind that he prepared for his departure. I reſolved to ſet off at midnight for Nantz, in order to anticipate the courier, that would, doubtleſs, carry the news of this bankruptcy. I felt however, anxious as I was to ſave the fortune of M. *de C—*, that my own ſecurity and my duty to the creditors of my employer made it neceſſary for me to take ſome previous ſteps. I was about to run to the firſt conſul, when one of the clerks of our houſe came to inform

inform me, with the greateſt alarm, of the bankers flight. I haſtened to the conſul, related the whole affair, the conduct which I had purſued during the day, and my preſent deſign. He approved of the whole; and, my horſes being ready, I departed for Nantz. I arrived there eight hours before the news of the bankruptcy; and you will conceive the joy of the houſe which, had I not ſaved them, would have been compelled to have ſtopped payment. They gave me an acknowledgment, duly executed, that the property of M. *de C---* was in their hands, with a promiſe of paying it to his order. Here is the deed, and I am proud to be the inſtrument of ſaving the fortune of a worthy man, and of diſplaying the elevated feelings of *Itanoko*.

Our ſenſations will never be appreciated but by the good. We experi-

enced all the delights which the ſucceſs of virtue gives to thoſe who are the lovers of virtue. In fact, there was not one amongſt us whoſe virtues had not, by a wonderful ſucceſſion of events, forwarded the happineſs of thoſe who ſurrounded him.

Who can calculate, to its utmoſt extent, the progreſſive impulſe which a ſingle worthy act may produce on the world? It is the hand which drops a ſtone on the tranquil ſurface of the ſea: circles ſwiftly ſucceed each other, till they have enlarged themſelves beyond the bounds of ſight! Auguſt idea! The virtuous man becomes, even unknown to himſelf, the benefactor of the univerſe!

On this happy day was I united to *Amelia*. We received the nuptial benediction

nediction from the hands of the Abbé *de S*** ; and heaven heard vows which we have never violated.

Still we wanted *Otourou*, and now each of us became apprehenſive of ſome misfortune. A ſervant entered, and delivered a letter to me. It was from *Otourou*. I opened it eagerly. All anxiouſly watched my looks, and I ran through it with equal rapidity, emotion, aſtoniſhment ! Theſe were the words :

" I leave you. America will ſee me return. I ſhall embrace my father, *Bruno*, and our negroes. They will make me welcome, and I ſhall inform them of your happineſs. You will ſay, why am I not the witneſs of it ? Ah, *Itanoko*, this is the greateſt ſorrow of my life ! But nature condemns me to endure

indure it. What man can ſupport an injury without taking vengeance? *Dumont* has ſuſpected me: the death of *Dumont* would delight my vengeance: but I ſee the tears of his daughter, your tears; I hear the name of father, which you, at preſent, laviſh on him; and all that is ſacred to me. No: never, *Itanoko*, could I do more for you, for his daughter, for himſelf; then fly from you. He ſuſpected me: yet he might have done otherwiſe. The effort was not impoſſible. I thought I knew him by experience; and, while abandoned by him, without aid, without counſel, without conſolation, I languiſhed in irons, which my defence of his daughter had laid upon me; nothing ſuggeſted to me his ingratitude. ---Every thing accuſed him: I alone juſtified him. Had he no reaſon to juſtify me? Yet there have exiſted men

men who have received from him the right of pronouncing with diſdain the name of *Otourou!* I received this name in my cradle. It was my only property. I preſerved it pure, and he has dared to ſtain it. Oh, fury! Thank heaven, *Dumont*, that it does not, at this moment, offer you to my wrath!

But what do I ſay? Let the victory be complete. Let me ſpeak that terrible word---that word from which my frame ſhrinks. Oh, nature! cloſe your eyes while I write it——I pardon him. It is written: yes, it ſhall not be effaced. But, ah! indulge me with a moment's pauſe!

Adieu! Yield to no inquietude reſpecting me. Thanks to your beneficence, I have money. You gave me two hundred louis d'ors, and I poſſeſs them entire. Vincennes coſt me nothing

thing. I ſhall be far from you when you ſhall receive my letter. I charge you make no attempt to purſue me. I ſhould then ſee *Dumont*, and my wound would bleed afreſh. One day I ſhall embrace you again. Ah, God! if I muſt die without ſeeing you more—— But let us chaſe this idea: it is terrifying. I know you, and you will wiſh, once again, to receive the benedictions of your negroes. At nine in the morning, on the 15th day of October.

Otourou."

I feel that his ſentence is juſt, cried *Dumont*. I have outraged innocence, and it is a true crime. It is my duty to purſue him, to fall at his feet, and to obtain his pardon.

He would have departed: and it required all the aſcendancy which I had over

over him to withdraw him from this reſolution. I knew *Otourou*, and ſaw that it would be better to leave to time to abate the bitterneſs of his reſentment. I did not fear but the arguments of *Bruno* would make an impreſſion on him; and I informed the good old man, by a letter, which I diſpatched inſtantly, of all that had happened.

I had fortunately judged truly of the event. *Dumont* and *Otourou* ſaw each other ſome years after. The natural goodneſs of *Outorou*'s heart had finally prevailed. He felt that nature has rights which ſilence all others; and that the deed, which would have been an injury under any other circumſtance, was a duty—taking its ſource as it did in paternal affection. The interview was interreſting. *Dumont*, already bending beneath age, advanced with a trembling

trembling pace, which timidity rendered ſtill more ſlow and feeble. *Otourou* had premeditated to preſerve all the dignity of a man who pardons an outrage: his firſt look betrayed that deſign. He had no power to ſuſtain a part which oppoſed his humanity, oppoſed his ancient friendſhip. Tears rolled down his cheeks: he opened his arms: he ran: he had not even reſolution to embrace *Dumont:* he fell at his feet.

The departure of *Otourou* was the laſt ſtroke of adverſity which I experienced; and my days have ſince paſſed without a cloud. *Honoria*, *Ferdinand*, *Duménil*, *Dumont*, my dear *Amelia*, and I, have made but one family, but one heart. *Dumont* thought it his duty, before he laid himſelf down in his tomb to reſt, to account (as he had promiſed) to *Siratik* and *Damel* for their benefactions.

tions. The latter had terminated his career in a new war; the ſorrowful fruit of his ambition. But my uncle ſtill ſuſtained, with an arm almoſt yielding to age, a ſceptre honoured by his virtues. He ſent me his laſt farewel, accompanied by treaſures which the pleaſure of relieving misfortune have rendered dear to me.

Otourou had propheſied truly, when he ſaid I ſhould again ſee my countrymen employed in my plantation. I flew to pay them one more viſit; and to offer to *Bruno* the laſt tribute of my affection. It ſeemed that this venerable old man waited only for my preſence to ſleep in peace in the boſom of eternity. He gave me his benediction; and, with it, the laſt the greateſt leſſon in his power: the ſpectacle of a juſt man's death.

I found

I found my countrymen happy. The remembrance of ſlavery was almoſt effaced from their minds. Alternate labour, and innocent pleaſures had united them; and liberty had unfolded their virtues. They were no longer wretched, abandoned creatures, but a numerous family bound together by the ſame inclination, the ſame object. It was not without regret that I ſaw myſelf compelled to diſſolve this peaceable republic: but their intereſt preſcribed the law to me. The good *Oſmyn* was dead; I wiſhed to conduct *Otourou* back to Europe; and loved my poor friends too well to entruſt their happineſs with any one whoſe virtues I did not know, and who, relying on my diſtance from them, might render them unhappy. Sufficiently enriched by the benefactions of my uncle to make the ſacrifices which my heart approved; I aſſembled

them!

them: I gave them my laſt bleſſing, and conveyed them to their country. I then ſold the plantation: it was in a flouriſhing condition; yet, deprived of negroes, I could obtain only a ſmall price for it—but I could not expect a double price, and I obtained that which flattered my ambition, the happineſs of unfortunate men.

Nature, love, and friendſhip, called me back to Europe. There, in the boſom of the gentleſt paſſions, I proceed without fear and without regret to old age; ſurrounded by my children, my wife, my friends. Inſtructed, by misfortune, to value the ſatisfaction which ariſes from circumſtances only as it contributes to purer felicity, I wait in peace for the approach of him from whom the man who cheriſhes virtue would not fly for a moment.

a moment. And, thanks to my God, death will find me without prejudices. Born a negro, I have loved Europeans. May they imitate me. May they feel that the moſt deteſtable of all prejudices, the prejudice which moſt retards virtue in its progreſs, is the abſurd opinion which ſeparates man from man, and cuts off entire nations from the eſteem of other nations.

Oh, Europeans! if you were ſuddenly endowed with that eternal ſight which, with a glance, embraces all time and ſpace, you would be terrified with a view of the enormous maſs of crimes with which your prejudices againſt negroes have weighed down Europe----almoſt beyond the reach of virtue! You would tremble to behold the immenſity of virtues which you have deſtroyed in the ſeed, and which

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but for you would have produced the happineſs of negroes----your own happineſs! Ah, haſten Europeans! Seize the inſtant, or the return of barbarity will remove the noble epoch, poſterity will ſnatch the glory from you! Refer not the happineſs of future times to miſerable calculations, but act. Surround the front of your age with the diadem of beneficence, which ſhall aſſure to it an empire over every memorable revolution conſecrated in the Temple of Time! Break down the walls of braſs which prejudice has reared! Sweep it from your ſight! It conceals men, it conceals brethren, from you.

NOTES.

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(1) ONE of my friends was at Port-au-Prince. Among the number of his negroes, he had a boy of about twelve years old, whoſe employment it was to wait on him. This friend of mine was the Chevalier *de M...al*, deſcended from one of the beſt houſes of Franche-Comté; he was at that time aid-de-camp to the Chevalier *de Valliére*, governor of St. Domingo. He was a humane man; for I have no friends but what are the friends of humanity. He treated with kindneſs the little negro boy; and the boy was proud of the confidence with which his maſter honoured him. If ſome other negro anticipated him in any little attention which might flatter his maſter, you immediately

ſaw that his native gratitude was grieved to have loſt an occaſion to expreſs itſelf. One day, the Chevaler *de M...al* made a little tour on horſeback. The negro boy followed on foot. They entered a place which was extremely retired, and appeared to be dangerous. This was their converſation, word for word:

The Chevalier. What would you do *Azor*, if we ſhould be attacked? This place does not appear to be very ſafe.

Azor. Me no fear, maſter: me fight bravely.

The Chevalier. You are ſo young! you would do better to run away.

Azor. Me no run away, maſter. You good: me love you!

The Chevalier. Well, and what would you do?

Azor.

Azor. Me defend you!

The Chevalier. You would not have ſtrength enough: what then would you do?

Azor. Die!

(2) One would imagine that the negroes expreſs both their ſorrow and joy by ſongs. They ſing in their ſports; they ſing at their labour; they ſing always.

(3) At Cape François, at Port-au-Prince, &c. you ſend for a hair-dreſſer. He arrives. He is a European. You imagine that he is to dreſs your hair. No ſuch thing: for it is the privilege of the Europeans, in that country, to gain their money by doing nothing. This hair-dreſſer, then, is followed by four negroes. One of theſe combs out your hair; a ſecond, fills it with powder and pomatum; a third, puts it in

papers; and the fourth, finiſhes the buſineſs. During this operation, the ſuperb hair dreſſer, in a habit of ſilk, his hat under his arm, a ſword dangling at his heel, and his cane hanging at his wriſt, preſides over the important ceremony. The leaſt inattention, the leaſt aukwardneſs, in any of his negroes, is followed by a blow on the cheek, which often lays him on the ground. If ſo, the negro humbly riſes again and continues his work. He, whoſe head is dreſſed at ſuch a price, is to be pitied!

Let us remark here that *Itanoko* has ſaid--- the negroes equal the Europeans in addreſs. Viſit the American iſlands, and you ſhall be convinced of it. There the negroes do every thing. Arts, trades, are entirely in their hands. With ſuch facility to conceive, ſuch aptitude to learn, nothing is wanting but the nurture of liberty fully to devellope their genius,

The miſſionaries repreſent the negroes as ſtupid, as not being able to reckon beyond three; and, the inſtant after, paint them to us as eloquent. Stupid! Eloquent! Strange mixture! But into ſuch errors muſt men fall when they write only to make books, and travel only to liſten to prejudices. Yes: doubtleſs, they are eloquent: and natural eloquence is the firſt ſpark of genius. Hear a negro expreſs his attachment to you; defend himſelf from a falſe imputation; recount an event which intereſts him; then ſpeak of his eloquence! And why ſhould they not be eloquent? They poſſeſs the three firſt qualities of oratory: ſenſibility, memory, and the power of perſuation. Inſtructed and free, they would have their *Ciceros*.

THE END.